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CHRONICLE.

The German Emperor. **T**HE newspapers for the last week have been filled, and for the week to come are likely to be filled, with the doings of the German EMPEROR, who, having come here to "see my grand-mamma," as HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY rather engagingly puts it, has been very hard worked indeed, though in the manner in which, it is believed, both suits and pleases his industrious House. We wish that he had had better weather, and that the English authorities had not muddled the Volunteer Review in so characteristically English a manner. But he is very welcome, and it will certainly be an ill day for both England and Germany when he is not.

On Friday week the House of Lords chiefly in Parliament talked about the fire on board the *City of Richmond*. The Commons once more devoted themselves to the Education Bill, and got it through Committee, though not till nearly one o'clock. A more determined stand than hitherto (though the ABDIELS were still but few) was made against the evil thing by Conservatives on the sub-section which facilitates agitation for the introduction of School Boards in places as yet free from that expensive curse. Forty honest men, including tellers, went into the lobby against it; but nearly seven times that number (of course honest too) supported Mr. SMITH, who "felt a great deal of pain," as well he might. Thereupon Mr. SUMMERS and Mr. BUXTON—that the desire of the kind of person to whom the Government are playing Sir PANDARUS of Troy might be better shown—at once moved amendments for putting the knife to the throats of the Voluntary schools a little earlier and with less pretence or excuse; but these were rejected. Some other divisions were of less importance.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord DORCHESTER drew from Lord BROWNLOW the news that the Government intended to present every Volunteer who attended the review to-day with the munificent sum of two whole shillings for his travelling expenses and his food. In the House of Commons Mr. SMITH gave some information as to the procedure intended in the case of a certain offensive person who is understood to be preaching at Bilbao; and Sir HAVELOCK ALLAN extracted some more evidence of the extraordinary muddlement which has prevailed in reference to the Volunteer Review. Mr. BALFOUR's Reduction of Rent (Ireland) Bill was read a second time against a protest, not pressed to a division, from Mr. MACARTNEY; the House spent some time on the County Councils Election Bill, the Stamp Duties Bill, the Post Office Acts Amendment Bill, and others.

The Penal Servitude Bill (reducing certain sentences which are generally now remitted after the expiration of a certain time), and the Public Health London Bill were read a second time in the House of Lords on Tuesday. In the House of Commons, after questions about the *Cordelia* explosion, the Wimbledon muddle, and other things (Mr. LABOUCHERE being still careful and troubled about the Mediterranean, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's observations, &c.), the House passed to the Education Bill, which was at last reported after a debate of considerable length, and at times some warmth. A good many divisions were taken, in one of which (on making good fees remitted) the Conservative malcontents mustered 58, the highest number yet recorded. This highest speaks more for the docility than for the independence or, for the matter of that, the intelligence of the party as a whole.

On Wednesday a final debate, but no division, took place on the third reading of the Education Bill, which was thus carried. It is in accordance, doubtless, with good Parliamentary precedent that a hopeless resistance should not at

this stage be pushed to a division unless a matter of principle is at stake. We think, we confess, that such a matter was at stake here, and that Sir CHARLES WETHERELL's great principle of "giving 'em another division or two" might have been applied. As it was, Mr. BARTLEY made a sufficiently valiant speech, though he might, perhaps, have left the Trojan horse in his stall. Indeed that *cheval de frust* (as the old romance has it) was never properly entered for these stakes. Our Trojan ancestors were fools for bringing him in, but at least they had not devised, constructed, and garrisoned him at their own expense and pains, as the Tory framers of Reform and Education Bills have done. And they did not, so far as we remember, say they made him and brought him in because the Greeks would have done it if they had not. Afterwards, on the Coinage Bill, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT showed that he has a little ignorance on all subjects, even the currency.

On Thursday the House of Commons devoted considerable time to a proposal by Mr. MORTON that intoxicating liquors should not be sold at the Lobby Bar, "in order to remove temptation from those unable to resist it"—an estimate of the Collective Wisdom of the Nation very interesting from one of its constituents. Fifty-five members were actually found to vote for this absurdity—a proposal in Supply for non-supply. Mr. STUART appealed for "protection" to those larrikins and harridans of the Salvation Army who make Eastbourne hideous every Sunday in avowed defiance of the law. The word would be humour from some people and impudence from others; from Mr. STUART it is no doubt only stupidity. A great deal of loose talk, of the kind which Supply usually induces, at last gathered itself up into something like a set debate on the Triple Alliance, wherein Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL wanted to know; Mr. LABOUCHERE once more revealed to a horror-struck world the *g-r-r-r-ands trahison du citoyen Salisbury*, who is going to join in a great Continental war; and even Mr. BRYCE, after a common-sense explanation from Sir JAMES FERGUSON, made a rather mischievous speech. Supply being then adjourned, Scotch Education came on and lasted till one o'clock.

The Carlow Election. Mr. PARNELL's candidate, thanks to the priests and the "illiterate voter" dodge, received a tremendous beating at Carlow on Tuesday, being more than two thousand behind his opponent.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The results of the New South Wales elections, as reported on Monday, showed a very lamentable growth of the Labour party, which, however, is of its nature certain to hang itself if it has rope enough.—The reported encroachments of the French on Siam were denied partially, and the "atrocities" of President BALMACEDA vigorously reasserted.—The excellent news was given that Sir GEORGE BADEN POWELL, British Commissioner in the Behring Sea matter, "declines to be interviewed," with contradictory statements about the curious KATY GREENFIELD abduction case in Kurdistan, with gloomy anticipations of Portuguese finance, and so forth.—News arrived on Wednesday of the closing of a great number of British lobster factories on the French shore in Newfoundland, in accordance with the *modus vivendi*. This, no doubt, is quite proper; but somehow it might have been more satisfactory if we had gone on the principle of *a Shylock, Shylock et demi*.—The gap in more important news was filled up by details of fresh electrical executions in America "quite successful," says officialism; "very much the reverse," whisper little birds), about the ingenious German doctors who have been cultivating cancer at the expense of hospital patients, and about what is sillily called "the Royal Roumanian romance," otherwise the reported affection of Prince FERDINAND of Roumania for Mlle. VACARESCO, one of

"CARMEN SYLVA's" maids-of-honour and pupils in poetry.—The personal exchange of courtesies with England on the part of the members of the Triple Alliance has been completed this week by the King of ITALY, who lunched on board the *Benbow* at Venice, and said ditto to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, and more also.

A lively correspondence has been going on between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the subject of Home Rule; between various persons interested in the London County Council elections on the time for that event. To us it matters very little whether the elections are in November or in March, provided that decent people will only rouse themselves to vote, and to return something more decent than the present majority.

On Monday a curious kind of Miss FLIGHT interruption took place in the hearing of the CATHCART lunacy case; and HER MAJESTY'S gaols were enriched by the addition of two of the most precious specimens of scoundrelism to be found in them, JEPHUNNEH OWEN, the sham co-respondent, and the amiable husband, EDWARD TAPLIN, who suborned him.—Mr. WILTON JONES, of the profession of SHAKESPEARE (for *il y a des degrés*—Mr. WILTON JONES doubtless knows the story), recovered one hundred guineas from Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS for a play written to Mr. ROBERTS's order which Mr. ROBERTS did not like.—A very important decision of Mr. COOKE's on Wednesday, in the matter of the Pelican Club, will, if sustained, certainly go far, as the host of those aggrieved birds complained, to make every proprietary club subject to the necessity of obtaining a licence. Of old the Pelican might feed her young unlicensed; not so now.—Another interesting case, DASHWOOD v. MAGNIAC, turned on the right to cut beechwoods in Buckinghamshire, and the arguments in the appeal against the Lambeth judgment in the Bishop of LINCOLN's case were concluded.—In Dublin Mr. HEALY obtained a very barren victory in his libel action against the *Freeman's Journal*, the jury deciding that the statements were not fair comment, but being unable to agree on any damages at all.

Some amusing scenes in reference to the new Miscellaneous forms of Labour agitation took place at the end of last week, the cold fingers of Lord DERBY playing on the high strings of BEN TILLET before the Commission; Mr. SUTHERST, utter barrister and agitator, denouncing BURNS (not ROBERT) at a midnight meeting of omnibus men, which was unsympathetically but properly dissolved by the police after much riot; and Mr. HYNDMAN (who has not been much heard of lately, and whose clear spirit no doubt feels intolerant of eclipse) getting himself arrested in Sloane Square.—Lord HARTINGTON spoke on technical education on Friday week, and the PRINCE OF WALES had a remarkably cordial reception at the Sandringham Stock Sales.—An excellent regulation was announced to the effect that officers on full pay cannot take directorships of Companies without leave.—News was received of casualties, which would have been respectable in amount for a small action, on board H.M.S. *Cordelia* by the bursting of a gun. It is impossible to admire too highly the courage of those subjects of HER MAJESTY who habitually remain in the neighbourhood, and even occasionally provoke the discharge, of the marvellous infernal machines provided, under the name of artillery, by HER MAJESTY'S Ordnance factories for HER MAJESTY'S fleet.—Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE was buried at Hawarden, on Wednesday; on the same day the PRINCE OF WALES unveiled a statue to Lord NAPIER of Magdala; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, presiding over the Gardeners' Benevolent Fund dinner, justified the ways of orchid-wearers to man.

The Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval last week was in the end nearly as interesting as Oxford v. Cambridge earlier. In the first innings the Players did not do nearly so well as the Gentlemen, for whom Mr. E. SMITH's fine 76 (which would have been more than enough to win the match for his University) was the chief score; but the deficiency—113—was nothing extraordinary. On Friday, however, the Players had to go in on a soaked wicket, and Mr. FERRIS and Mr. WOODS got one of the strongest teams possible out for 59, every man being caught except BARNES, who was leg before, and only two—SHREWSBURY and ULYETT—reaching double figures. The most interesting cricket-match decided on Saturday was Eton v. Winchester, which Winchester won by five wickets. Mr. ARKWRIGHT's batting for the losing side was, perhaps,

better than any Wykehamist's, but Mr. LEWIS's wicket-keeping for Winchester gave some promise of a successor to Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. MCGREGOR in that line, and helped greatly to win the match.—On the first day of the Henley Regatta horribly bad weather interfered with what might otherwise have been an interesting day's racing, the unusual sight of a dead heat between Thames and Leander for the Grand Challenge being witnessed. This heat was rowed (Leander winning pretty easily) on Wednesday, which was a little better than Tuesday in point of weather, but not much. And they finally won the Cup on Thursday, the Visitors' going to Trinity Hall, the Ladies' Challenge Plate to Balliol (Eton rowing them very hard), the Goblets again to Leander, and the Stewards' Cup to Thames, while Mr. NICKALLS rowed over for the sculls.—The cricket of the early part of this week was a mere struggle with the deluge, wherein the willow might remember the scenes of its early growth, and the ball could appreciate the sensations of apples in a wassail-bowl. In these conditions the second Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's was drawn.

Unmixed sympathy was felt by men of all parties with Mr. GLADSTONE in the matter of the death of his eldest son. Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE, though for some considerable time a member of Parliament, was of an unobtrusive, though amiable, disposition, and for some years past ill health had kept him entirely out of public life.—Cardinal HAYNALD was one of those great Hungarian prelates whose revenues and influence far exceed those of English Lords Spiritual at the time of their greatest flourishing.—Prince DOLGOROUKOFF was a Russian magnate of fair fame; and Mr. HANNIBAL HAMLIN's name, by its oddity and as that of the Vice-President to ABRAHAM LINCOLN, had impressed itself on many memories.—Père FÉLIX was one of a group, or succession, of French preachers who were famous in the middle of the century.—Mr. ROBERT REECE had cultivated with success a branch of literature—burlesque—which it is, as a rule, rather a stretch of veracity to call literature at all, but which sometimes approximates thereto, and has once or twice in history passed the line.—If, as is reported, King JA JA is dead, we profess unfeigned regret. His fights with OKO JUMBO for years delighted the fit soul; he was a kind of personification of African royalty in the days before European nations executed the partition of Africa; and although we no doubt did our duty in exiling him from the neighbourhood of his beloved Oil Rivers, it was very hard lines on him.

The most popular book of the week certainly has been Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL's *Gladstone*, in the series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers" (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), and to it we may add an unpretentious and not uninteresting *Book of Burlesque*, by Mr. DAVENPORT ADAMS (HENRY).

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE EMPEROR, whom we may not call (and who indeed is not) "of Germany," has now been in England for a week; has seen probably more than he at all desired, not of hard, but of exceedingly soft, English weather; has gone to and fro "in the steamship, in the railway, on the roads" "that shake mankind"; has reviewed most things reviewable, and has attended a large number of the amusements which do not amuse some people. It is extremely probable that he has been as well amused as Englishmen—who, if not extraordinarily demonstrative, are fairly hospitable hosts—could desire. He likes movement, and he has had plenty of it; he likes soldiers, and he has seen some at least whom (though it is our English fashion to depreciate them and other things) we all know to be in reality at least the equals of any soldiers in the world, and a good deal the superiors of most. He has seen the famous gold plate, in respect to which it is a standing marvel to us every Session that Mr. COBB or Mr. CONYBEARE does not move the selling of it, and the giving of the proceeds to endow local debating Societies. He has resided in that castle which for picturesqueness of site and interest of historical association combined has not a peer in Europe (and of which in the same way we are always expecting Mr. LABOUCHERE to propose the letting off in flats). Above all, he has seen that the rain it raineth every day, just as it did, doubtless, when that he was and a little tiny boy, and walked with his mother to see the

PRINCE OF WALES married. The people who wished to see him have, subject to the same recurrence, had abundant opportunities of doing so; and the people who did not care to see him have been perfectly free to stay away. The advantages of liberty as against despotism have been contested by cynics; but at least it is not the custom here, nor is there the slightest necessity, to conscribe crowds to cheer, as they say was sometimes done before dynamite days in Russia. Liberty, indeed, has been sorely circumscribed in England of late years. We may not, as our fathers might, declare like honest men for whom we are voting; we may not drink a glass of beer on this side of a county-line or on that of a figure of the clock; we are (at least some of us) liable to fine and other things if we decree that our children shall be taught as we like or not at all; we may not, if we live in an adjacent island, let our land as we like or hire another man's land as we wish; we are dragged, checked, subjected to the bearing-rein where Englishmen used to be allowed to do what they liked. But there are remnants of freedom in England still, and freedom is certainly a noble thing.

If the EMPEROR has had time (which is improbable) and inclination (which, as HOHENZOLLERNs are of inquiring mind, is less so) to read the papers, he, who has a very considerable interest in politics, must have been struck by several things. That some of the baser sort should be rude to him would not be likely, even if he were aware of it, to surprise him; for he is neither young enough nor foolish enough to be ignorant that this kind existeth everywhere. If others have indulged in rather foolish flummery of comment, and have attached to his visit a consequence which it cannot actually possess, he is not likely to be over-elated; for, except in heads of abnormal weakness (which are not common in his family), the value of this sort of thing also gets appreciated long before a man comes to thirty year. If he thinks that his own officials, in some way, manage things better in Prussia, he is not likely to be unaware that there are drawbacks and offsets to that advantage. There is still, as he must easily perceive and know, an amount of power in the English people which only needs to be intelligently used to make it too hard for any other nation in the world, and a fair match for any combination of nations that can be probably imagined. The wish which his brother of Austria uttered the other day concerning the English fleet is sure to be as sincerely in his heart as in that of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, and not to be much lessened by the discovery of certain Russian newspapers that the French fleet is not only much finer and better than the English, but probably, in all but obsolete old tubs, much stronger. Our wealth nobody has yet doubted; our strength nobody doubts quite so much as ourselves.

But as to the wisdom without which wealth is only an invitation to the enemy, and strength only a useless and valueless possession, some greater doubts may, perhaps, have entered the EMPEROR's mind. He is not—no German is, and least of all one rather deeply bitten with the State Socialism fancy—likely to object to that project which, even during his visit, the leaders of one political party amongst us have been forcing through Parliament against the open opposition of a section of their own supporters and the covert dislike of nearly all. But he may think the manœuvre—as a party manœuvre—odd, and the only assignable reason for it—that the other people will do it if we do not—insensate. “A general,” he would probably say, “does not dismantle the fortresses in the country which he holds because it is possible that the enemy will pull them down if ever they beat him.” But he may be more surprised still at information addressed to him by the other party—the Opposition. The organs of that party (who may now appeal to a regular debate in the House of Commons where their champions expressed the same sentiment) implore him day by day, with really creditable politeness and assiduity quite touching, not to deceive himself. He may, with his two allies, have just reconstructed a bond which England has only tacitly to support in order to secure for herself almost every advantage that she can desire in regard to the state of Europe. The Powers which are discontented with this arrangement may be Powers, one of which is notoriously and almost avowedly laying plans for despoiling England of the most valuable of her goods, while the other loses no opportunity of displaying on every possible occasion a desire to damage and disoblige England. He may ask nothing of England herself except to recognize the side on which her bread is buttered. But these Opposition

organs and Opposition leaders to which and to whom we have referred still implore him not to deceive himself. In the first place, they point out to him, with charming but somewhat unnecessary candour, that one party, their party at least, in England does not consider itself in the least bound by the engagements of its predecessor; that Mr. GLADSTONE will pay attention to nothing that Lord SALISBURY has said, and will, indeed, be quite certain to go the other way; that the foreign policy of England is like those modes of handwriting which go first from right to left, and then from left to right; and that it is a matter of conscience with at least Gladstonian politicians to write “no effects” on their predecessors' cheques. Not content with this interesting exposition of a rational and high-minded statesmanship, they proceed to assure him that in no case, even if Lord SALISBURY stays in power, will they allow a British Grenadier to be arrayed, or a British ship to clear for action, in assistance of the Triple Alliance. Red and blue jackets are for defence, not offence; never, no never, will England fight to prevent even the bringing of Europe under a single despotism. While as for fighting against France—Republican France, France with that public-school catechism, envy not exactly of gods, but of men, ministers, and Mr. LABOUCHERE, in which the idea of God is treated with such noble nonchalance—the bare idea of a quarrel with her makes these good people faint. Over all of which things the EMPEROR may indeed marvel. “I offer them,” he may say, “a practical guarantee of that peace which they call their greatest interest; I am so kind (it being frankly admitted that it is my interest too) as not to require any formal alliance. My enemies are demonstrably theirs, and my friends can by no possibility be their enemies. And they answer in effect that England has forgotten the commonest principles of honour in dealings between State and State, and the most ordinary principles of common sense in looking out for men's own interests. Did any set of people ever ask a foreign monarch to take notice under their hand and seal that they are a set of dishonourable boobies—that England, if they can help it, shall not stand to her word, shall not back her friends against her enemies, and shall not fight till she is kicked?” To this Imperial query we can make no answer; and the persons concerned, however little wit they may have, no doubt have more than to attempt one.

IMAGINATION AND METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THAT imagination is unconscious memory has been maintained by philosophers, and, in the case of successful authors, is earnestly insisted on by reviewers of the baser sort. But, as a rule, the memory on which authors unconsciously draw is believed to be the accumulation of this life, not the inheritance from a previous existence. Mr. STEVENSON lately, and very candidly, avowed that one of his seafaring characters was an unconscious recollection of a person in a book by WASHINGTON IRVING. It is rarely that the forgotten sources are thus recovered, except by minor poets, when they come to years of discretion, and, looking over the rhymes of their nonage, admit that memory has had a great stroke in the battle. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, in a tale called “The Finest Story in the World,” rather unexpectedly dazzling the student of the *Contemporary Review*, has enlarged on a variety of the theme. Imagination is an unconscious recollection of a previous existence. The author meets a banker's clerk, CHARLIE MEARS, a literary banker's clerk, who confides to him the plot of “The Finest Story in the World.” “It was distinctly a Notion among notions. Men had been puffed up with pride by notions not a tithe as excellent and practicable.” The story was not at all likely to commend itself to Mr. HOWELLS. It was a narrative of piracy and adventure, plundering and blundering, in unnamed seas. But Mr. MEARS, the inventor, was wholly incapable of telling the story. “I tell this story vilely,” he might have quoted. Mr. KIPLING therefore purchased the idea for the consideration of five pounds. The hero was a galley-slave, apparently in some ancient Greek vessel, perhaps the *Argo*, only the *Argo* had no slaves on board. He gave vivacious descriptions of the horrors of the galleys, but he oddly mixed up two kinds of vessel, two sorts of life, the Greek sort and the Viking sort. Sometimes the hero was a dark man, Greek; sometimes “as red as a red bear,” Norse. That hero arrived at “The Beaches, the Long and Wonderful Beaches.” Once Mr. MEARS suddenly remarked, “when they heard our bull bellow the Skrelings fled away.” Mr. KIPLING became aware that Mr.

MEARS was not inventing, but remembering. He may have sailed with JASON or ODYSSEUS in a previous life. He had certainly sailed with KARLSEFNI to Vinland the Good, and had dealt with the Skroelings nine hundred years ago. Now the Skroelings, to judge from the contemptuous Norse name, were Eskimo, then residing much further south than they are found at present. Nobody in his senses would call a Huron or an Iroquois a "Skroeling." Here, then, was a chance for the author to hear the most romantic of all romances, except that of CORTES, told by an eyewitness and a partaker in fights, which CHARLIE described with startling vivacity of detail. But CHARLIE was kissed by a woman, a tobaccoist's young lady, and, as in the world-wide fairy tale, he forgot all and followed her, and the saga remains untold. We trust that Mr. KIPLING will use the information which he has already received. The discovery of America by Scandinavians is a theme which has long pined for its sacred poet. We may feign that the Norse reached Vinland the Good, that they settled there; that winter and the Skroelings gradually wore them down till the last of the big white men died of hunger or perished beneath the tiny bows and unwarlike arrows of an unworthy foe. There seem, judging from M. PETITOT's books, to be faint echoes, very faint and few, of this adventure among the Eskimo. It is a grand topic for a romance, and as Mr. KIPLING has lighted on it, and has had visions of his own, why should he not do them? Far from all the stories having been told, most of the best stories await the teller. Adventures on the ancient Sacred Way, from the Baltic, across Europe, to the Grecian seas, before HOMER's time; the tales of the old amber trade; all that befell the *Argo*, between Colchis and the Atlantic; the wanderings of Greek dramatic companies in the native Courts of India; the true tale of the Coming of the Whites, like MANCO COCAPAC, to Peru; the glory, and mysterious fall, of Chichimec and Palenque, cities of the Mayas—all these things, and many like them, have to be invented or remembered. Mr. KIPLING's story of the two English kings in Kafiristan proves that he can give us what we want, and have wanted a long time, if he chooses, if his memory be lively enough, and if he can find the due proportions of the narrative, and not write it, so to say, in shorthand. It is better to do the work than to "smoke enchanted cigarettes" in the dreaming over it.

But the idea of metempsychosis, and remembering past lives, does not hold water. We need no Baboo to explain the doctrine. PYTHAGORAS remembered many lives, so did EMPEDOCLES, so did TALIESIN and WAINAMONEN, and, we think, IOSKEHA. The odd thing is that EMPEDOCLES, TALIESIN, WAINAMONEN, Greek, Celt, and Finn, all make their boast in almost the same words. Yet the weak point is that Mr. MEARS, or any one like him, could no more tell what he remembered out of a past life well than he could tell well what he remembered in the present existence. His gift of narrative would be the same in each case. There exists the manuscript of an old beach-comber. It ought to be excellent copy; but, alas! he who achieved great adventures was unable to report them for lack of imagination. Mr. STEVENSON, who appears to be producing a romance of the Pacific, can tell what he did not see better than the men who in singular experiences bore a great part. There be few MULVANEYS in the Tyrone Regiment or any other. The doer is one man and the narrator is another. The Saga-men, we conceive, were not the fighting-men. The things that Mr. KIPLING "remembers" about knees being cut to the bone by salt cracks were the things which the Sagas say nothing about. Probably there was scurvy on board the barque of ERIC the Red; but we do not remember hearing aught concerning it. Mr. KIPLING tells vividly what some one else saw—the water level lying along the bulwarks of a sinking ship. But that is because he has imagination, not because he remembers. Probably the person whom he quotes had imagination too, otherwise he never would really have seen what he did see—"The water lay like a silver wire laid down along the bulwarks, and I thought it was never going to break." The question is, Could a man who never saw or heard of this have imagined it? The odds are, in fact, that Mr. KIPLING, or any other author with imagination, could tell the story of a galley's adventures at Salamis better than the men who rowed in the same. They were much too busy, no doubt, to remember the details which it is Mr. KIPLING's delight to invent, and which give the air of reality. They are the essence of a tale; but, in the oarsmen's minds, the essence of the business was to get

through with it. However, in the meantime, we want the early part of the story which was "Filed for Reference," and the wondrous tale of "Mother Maturin." Life is short, and, just as many lovers of poetry were unfortunate to die before Lord TENNYSON was born, so we may be in a new life before we hear all about the degraded renegade from Oxford. After that, the story of KARLSEFNI and LEIF, or of the Greek galley slave, by all means. Here the interesting thing would be to note the matters, doubtless correct, which Mr. KIPLING would tell us, though he never knew them, while HOMER, who knew them, does not tell them. "And the spirit of the men was outworn by reason of the grievous rowing," says HOMER. That is all. He does not say "The salt made the oar-handles like shark-skin"; or, "We fainted with our chins on the oars, and you did not see us, for we still swung to and fro." Now, should a story of these ancient days be told as HOMER told it, with no more detail (to take such an instance as this), or would the telling of it so be "a faked, false-varnished, sham-rusted piece of Wardour Street work"? It looks as if what seems essential to a story, in the view of the modern mind, which invents, and pieces together, and reconstructs, was unessential to the poet who had seen and known such labours as Mr. KIPLING imagines. It would be absurd to say that Mr. KIPLING has more imagination than the author of the *Odyssey*; his fancy recovers facts from the "dark backward and abysm of time"; facts which were true, but, to the mind of him who may have suffered from them, were unessential. Which is the right method of narrative, or are both right in their day and their way? The people who knew these things did not need to be told about them; the people who know them not are glad to be told. Thus considered, perhaps a romance of the dead world should not be told as it would have been told by the actors in the adventure, but otherwise, perhaps in Mr. MEARS's slang, "that cad of an overseer on my deck wouldn't unloose our chains." It were a dangerous experiment. And, on the other hand, HOMER, speaking of what he knew, gives details which Mr. KIPLING, when he comes to the story of the Greek galley-slave, had better not remember nor invent. The brain spirting up like soda-water in a bottle, through the cloven crest-tube of the helmet; the spears "hungering for the flesh of young men," the lance-shaft leaping with the last throbs of the dying heart; these are terribly un-Greek; and much to be avoided. HOMER remembered them; could any one have imagined them?

THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

THE value of Royal Commissions as instruments for the collection of evidence was not unknown before the body constituted to inquire into "Labour" came into existence, and subdivided itself into Committees. With very rare exceptions indeed, Commissions have wasted the greater part of their time in loose talk, have asked questions at random, and have been answered in the same fashion. It was always probable that the Labour Commission would be an illustration of this truth, since, to say nothing of the illimitable nature of the subject-matter of its inquiry, it was peculiarly liable to be treated as a passive bucket into which stump-orators could pump their fustian and muddle-headed men their confused notions. We doubt, however, whether anybody foresaw how passive the bucket would be, or what length of rope would be given to the stump-orator. Some evidence has certainly been given to the Commission involuntarily, or by witnesses who happened to be sensible men, and therefore ready to stick to the facts. One piece of evidence, for instance, was given by Mr. JOSEPH FALVEY, of the "Southside Labour Protection League," who otherwise only appeared in the minor part of CHARLES his friend to Mr. QUELCH. This person did let out a fact in the midst of much rant and much repetition of Socialist formulas. He said that the Act prohibiting the payment of wages in public-houses is inoperative, "except so far as it was occasionally enforced with harshness against publicans and workmen." The employer hands the wages in a lump sum to a foreman, who commonly goes to a public-house for change, and there divides it, which leads to the infliction of fines on him and the publican now and then. This is a pleasing example of the efficacy of grandmotherly legislation. Manifestly another Act is required to punish employers for not providing themselves with small change. A few grains of sense may be picked out of much chaff in

this fashion. It must be allowed, too, that the Committee of the Commission which sat to deal with Group C, to wit "textile, clothing, chemical, building, and miscellaneous" industries (miscellaneous is good), did hear a certain amount of evidence. This was entirely due to the fact that the witnesses who came before it on the 28th of last month were North-country weavers who stuck rationally to facts. We do not know that they had anything to say which was not already familiar to all who have paid the smallest attention to the condition of the industry—still they have the merit of sticking to their facts. They generally abstained from expressing opinions, except when asked for them, and then also they spoke like men who can reason from facts. All of them declared against the eight hours day on the very rational ground that it would handicap them hopelessly in the competition with India, China, and Japan.

But the good sense of the North-country weavers stands well-nigh alone in a welter of rant from the stump-orators of the London sham Unions. The Committee which inquires into the businesses classed as Group G, namely, "transport and agriculture"—the Commission's collocation of industries is extraordinary—actually spent the better part of a day in listening to Mr. QUELCH, of the Southside Labour Protection League. Indeed, it is to be noted that the witnesses heard by this Committee are, one and all, persons who, on their own principles, have ceased to be workmen at all, since they have taken to living by writing and public-speaking. They are the secretaries of this League or chairman of that Union—the stump-orators, agitators, wire-pullers of strikes, whose names have been nauseously familiar for the last three years. From them the Committee has simply heard all the stock common-places of demonstration oratory. There was Mr. QUELCH, for example, who entertained it with his conviction that an eight hours day would materially help to bring back the golden age. He thought that work in the docks would be steadied if the hours of labour were limited. He considered "that every man after the age of sixty should be provided for by the community, and that after that age a man should not be allowed to work even if he wished to." These old men should be called pensioners, not paupers. The docks should be under the control of the municipality. The men "were of opinion that the liberty to combine should not involve the liberty not to combine." As regards the amount of pension to be given to superannuated men it should be 30s. a week. Labour-saving machinery is an evil. Mr. QUELCH looks to "the nationalization of all the means of production" as the only complete cure of human ills. Then came Mr. FALVEY, his friend, and said ditto to Mr. QUELCH. He personally had a remedy for the labour-saving machinery—a heavy tax to wit, "varying according to the amount of labour it displaced." After adjournment and a brief interlude of less important—and, we must in justice add, infinitely more rational—witnesses, Mr. TILLET took the floor and kept it till the Committee adjourned to the 15th of this month. From Mr. TILLET the Committee had the advantage of hearing all his opinions. He, too, thought that old men and the physically incapable should be provided with 30s. a week by a system of pensions which he had not yet invented, but which he was convinced ought not to be "connected with the Poor-law." Mr. TILLET, for his part, did not object to labour-saving machines, if the men could gain a sufficient profit by them, and thought the docks should be under municipal control, because the State is a better economist than a Company. "He thought that no man, whatever his state of efficiency, should receive less than a certain *minimum* wage. A man might not be physically strong, and yet might be a very worthy member of the community. It was hard that such a man should be reduced to keep his family on a very scant wage." Mr. TILLET has also observed "that the Dock Companies and wharfingers have a business morality, which says that men who have worked for them for fifteen or twenty years have no particular claim on them." We do not know whether Mr. TILLET has observed that men who have received the employer's wages for fifteen or twenty years think that he has a claim on them. Probably he has not, and would not think it reasonable. The great "Heads-I-win-tails-you-lose principle" laid down by Mr. QUELCH for the Union in the matter of combination, governs this case, too, no doubt. Besides, the workman who does manual work benefits the State more by his productive capacity than the soldier does by his destructive capacity. So he ought to be better pensioned—thirty

shillings a week for the married man, twenty shillings for the single, and fifteen shillings for widows, is Mr. TILLET's scale. He seems to have overlooked the case of the orphans; and it may be acknowledged that he is unselfish; for, as his work is unproductive on his own and all other principles, it entitles him to no pension for self or widow. Finally he indicated briefly the sources from which this comfort for everybody is to be provided. "The cost of supporting the incapacitated and the aged should be put on the general taxation of the country, not on the rates. It would fall upon Excise and Customs, amongst other things; ground-rents, too, should be taxed. A reorganization of the system of taxation would be, perhaps, necessary, and he proposed a graduated income-tax." At this point the Committee appears to have felt that its "mouth was made up." After this savoury, it adjourned till the 15th instant.

There will, we should imagine, be a pretty general agreement that, if it is to meet again only to listen to stump-orators delivering windy speeches, it had much better adjourn for good. Discussion with persons of this stamp is futile. Men who can believe it possible to take from the capitalist, by taxation, the money which he has accumulated to be used as capital, and yet not diminish the fund from which wages are drawn, are beyond the reach of argument. Agitators who assume this belief are not worth a reasoned answer. Besides, it is not the business of a Commission to collect evidence, nor to discuss nor to listen to mere expressions of opinion, sane or insane, honest or assumed. But this Commission is collecting expressions of opinion, and very little else. The agitators to whom it listens are seizing the opportunity to air their crude ideas, and advertise themselves. Mr. TILLET, for instance, insisted, in spite of Lord DERBY's efforts to keep him to the facts, on giving an "outline of what he considered the most effectual methods of municipal control." When asked by Lord DERBY not to waste time by going "into details," he answered, with successful impertinence, that the Committee had listened to Mr. LIVESLEY for twenty-five minutes—a fact which he stated, apparently, as a reason why he should be allowed his innings. Of course, if the Commission was formed to allow every agitator his chance, then Mr. TILLET had as good a right as another; but in that case we fail to see why any further attention should be paid to its proceedings. It is quite unnecessary to employ a rather large body of mostly respectable persons to collect the notions of "Labour leaders." Their own colleague, Mr. MANN, could have given them all they could possibly want of this eloquence. The pretext for the nomination of the Commission was that it was desirable to collect information as to the condition of the working class. The vague ideas of Messrs. QUELCH and TILLET are not information about anything but themselves. In that respect they are superfluous, for we know all about them already. But, of course, it may be that the Commission was only meant to "show sympathy." That it considered this its function is probable, from the fact that it decided to allow its proceedings to be public—which, of course, was simply a way of inviting all the mouthers to come and mouth. On this supposition it must be acknowledged to have been eminently successful.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S LIFE OF MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S Life of Mr. Gladstone has, perhaps, been somewhat too pompously heralded. The art of keeping the public waiting is with popular entertainers one of the commonest methods of exciting interest. The announcement was made, weeks in advance, that the publication of Mr. RUSSELL's little volume was delayed until the PRESIDENT'S Proclamation under the American Copyright Act should allow the curiosity of two hemispheres to be simultaneously gratified. That great measure, to speak in the international English which is superseding the homely vernacular of these islands, has been "inaugurated" by the appearance of Mr. RUSSELL's solution of the Gladstonian mystery. President HARRISON'S Proclamation in a certain sense proclaimed Mr. RUSSELL's book, which followed it as the thunder follows lightning. We are reminded of the stage direction in *Henry VIII.*, in which "trumpets, sennet, and cornets" introduce a scribe. Mr. RUSSELL himself acted the part of prologue to his performance in an interview, in which he was made to stand and unfold himself. The puff preliminary has seldom

been more energetically used. Mr. RUSSELL's qualifications for the task he undertook were enlarged upon. He is a cadet of the ducal House of BEDFORD. He has sat in Parliament from 1880 to 1885. He filled for a short time in Mr. GLADSTONE's second Administration the post which Mr. JESSE COLLINGS held for a still shorter time in his third. He has been admitted to the intimacies of Hawarden and of the houses in various parts of London which may at some future time be adorned with commemorative plates recording the fact that there Mr. GLADSTONE had for a season his local habitation. Mr. RUSSELL, it was announced, would unveil the great GLADSTONE statue, of which he was the artist, to the delighted gaze of two worlds, or rather he would disclose the real man, into the heart of whose mystery he had penetrated.

It is not Mr. RUSSELL's fault, or is only in a very minor degree his fault, if the extravagant expectations thus roused have necessarily been to a great degree disappointed. Mr. RUSSELL's book holds a respectable place in the series called "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," of which Mr. STUART REID is the editor, and of which Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. are the publishers. It is a careful compilation, and, with the help of an unusually full index, will be usefully referred to by those who may, on emergency, desire to ascertain any particular date or fact in Mr. GLADSTONE's career. This is not its only merit. The concluding chapter, in which Mr. RUSSELL attempts an analysis of Mr. GLADSTONE's character, contains some just and shrewd reflections, though the analysis does not go very deep, and is not, in our view, very exact. In the chemistry of character, as well as that which deals with the physical world, organic or inorganic, analysts are apt to take for irreducible elements what further tests show to be compounds of much complexity. Those features of Mr. GLADSTONE's character which his biographer holds to be original and primal might in some important cases be shown to be secondary and derivative. Mr. RUSSELL's book is enriched by the recollections of some of Mr. GLADSTONE's most eminent contemporaries, and by records which they have placed at his disposal. The author has very properly declined to "embellish his pages with traits and incidents which he had observed in the sacred intercourse of 'social life';" but character might have been delineated without reproducing gossip. Mr. RUSSELL adds that the official relation in which he stood to Mr. GLADSTONE—as Secretary to the Local Government Board under Sir CHARLES DILKE's Presidency—made it difficult for him to sit in judgment on his public acts. That difficulty Mr. RUSSELL appears to us to have overcome with results which may, perhaps, in some instances lead Mr. GLADSTONE to wish that he had not so successfully struggled against it. Mr. RUSSELL's book, so far as qualities of style and thought are concerned, does not compare favourably with Mr. FROUDE's sketch of Lord BEACONSFIELD or Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's sketch of Sir ROBERT PEEL in the series to which it belongs. Mr. FROUDE's singular ignorance of the Parliamentary and public life of his own time, and the apparent hurry in which Mr. MCCARTHY wrote, left traces on their books; but Mr. FROUDE's genius for narration and description and Mr. MCCARTHY's practised skill gave a literary distinction to their volumes which is wanting to Mr. RUSSELL's. As to his researches in contemporary history, they may be judged from the fact that two out of the four works to which he acknowledges his obligations are Mr. BARNETT SMITH's *Life of Mr. Gladstone* and Mr. MCCARTHY's *History of Our Own Times*. Mr. RUSSELL describes his own book as "aiming at little more than a 'clear statement of facts chronologically arranged,' illustrated by Mr. GLADSTONE's 'own recorded words,' and by the comments drawn from the writings of contemporary observers. To say this is to say that it does not belong to political or biographical literature at all. Mr. RUSSELL, however, does himself injustice. His book is something more and better than this; but it ought to have been very different and a good deal better.

The most striking things in the volume are, we are afraid we must say, the portrait, due to the photographic skill of an accomplished amateur, Mr. RUPEE POTTER, and the lines from Mr. FREDERIC MYERS which front it on the title-page, and which Mr. RUSSELL has thought appropriate to Mr. GLADSTONE. They tell, in Mr. RUSSELL's application of them, how "a hundred years of vain and vast 'desire have lit and filled' Mr. GLADSTONE's 'eyes 'with consuming fire,' and how his brows and hair set 'in strange frame the face of his despair,' and other

things which, except for the centenarian detail, suggest a corsair of the BYRON type, rather than a great Christian statesman. There is nothing, we are happy to say, in Mr. RUSSELL's volume which in the slightest degree bears them out, and we fancy that they were recalled to Mr. RUSSELL by a certain look in Mr. POTTER's photograph, from which, however, there is more to be learned of Mr. GLADSTONE's character than in the whole of these two hundred and eighty-two pages. On that we cannot pretend to think that Mr. RUSSELL throws any new light. He tells us that Mr. GLADSTONE acquired from his Oxford discipline "an almost excessive exactness in the statement of 'propositions, and a habit of rigorous definition, a microscopic care in the choice of words,' &c. We venture to doubt whether intellectual exactness and severity of definition were acquired by Mr. GLADSTONE at Oxford, for we question whether he has them all. We should rather say that his mental habit has the looseness of rhetoric far more than the precision of logic, and that when he has distinguished between, and refined upon, words he imagines himself to have discriminated thoughts and things. *Rerum ignarus imagine gaudet*; his thoughts being the reflection of his phrases, rather than the representatives of things.

Mr. RUSSELL repeats the ordinary eulogy on Mr. GLADSTONE, that his life has been spent in unlearning the errors of his aboriginal Toryism. But throughout his life Mr. GLADSTONE has been a Tory on every question on which public opinion did not force him, or a dexterous opportunism did not invite him, to be a Liberal. He has been the convert, not of reason or justice, but of the majority. A convert to Liberal or to Conservative doctrine is usually a convert to it in all its applications. Mr. GLADSTONE has had to be reconverted to Liberalism on every new question as it has arisen. At repeated crises, the latest of them not further back than 1865, Mr. GLADSTONE's return to the Conservative party seems to have been a question merely of personal arrangements and opportunities. So much for the Liberalizing of his views. In every department of thought and research Mr. GLADSTONE takes his principles from without, so to speak. In theology and in classical scholarship, which with Mr. GLADSTONE is mainly a branch of theology, they are imposed on him by his ecclesiastical preconceptions. His conclusions come first, and his reasons come afterwards. In politics Mr. GLADSTONE has taken his principles, if they are to be so called, from the predominant opinion of the moment. Mr. RUSSELL says that his religiousness is the central force of Mr. GLADSTONE's character. We do not doubt it. Mr. GLADSTONE is religious, and he is a moralist, by temperament. When, therefore, any line of policy is suggested to him by those considerations of party advantage and of personal ambition which operate, and within limits legitimately operate, on the minds of all statesmen, Mr. GLADSTONE is not satisfied with transforming them into public expediency. He is under the necessity of clothing them with the most tremendous moral and religious sanctions. But reason, and morality, and religion do not dictate the course which he takes. They are called in to defend it, after it has been resolved upon on other grounds, and the more doubtful the business, the more strenuously is their aid invoked. Very questionable spirits take the shape of angels of light, and the deformed is transformed.

RED-TAPE AT ETON.

THE following strange item of news appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday last:—"Eton boys will be interested to learn that the EMPEROR asked Dr. WARRE to give them 'an extra week's holiday. The Head-master, however, answered that it was not in his power to grant the request, and it remains to be seen whether the EMPEROR will prefer his request to the Governing Body.' We should think that the German EMPEROR was also interested to learn, and probably a little surprised in learning, that in England we entrust to the Head-master of our greatest public school the discipline and instruction of nearly a thousand boys, together with the power of appointing and dismissing about fifty masters, and yet he is not allowed to have a voice as to the duration of the holidays. It is almost as bad as giving the command of an army to a Committee of civilians. Probably the EMPEROR will not proceed further in the matter. What does he know of the Governing Body? How is he to find them out? They are not even in *Whitaker's Almanack*. If, how-

ever, he did ask the Provost to place his request in proper form before that august assemblage, much time and trouble must be expended. It is now getting late in the term, and presumably the meeting which the Governing Body are bound to hold in each school-time has already been held; if so, the Provost has the power, by Statute xxxvi., of calling a special meeting, but he is bound to give not less than a fortnight's notice thereof. In other words, the point cannot be decided till just before the holidays, and after the EMPEROR has quitted the country. We are not here arguing the question whether it is advisable that an extra week should be given or not, but are simply pressing the point that the power of giving or withholding such a favour should be resident in the Head-master. It is as much a part of the system of rewards and punishments of the school as prize-giving or flogging; and if a Head-master is not fit to be trusted with the reasonable administration of such a power, he is not fit for his position at all. Lord COLERIDGE, at the Eton dinner at the Métropole, told a story of Dr. KEATE, who, after expounding to his form the text about the "Pure in heart," informed them that unless they were pure in heart he would flog them. His autocratic tendency would be much interfered with at the present day; but we cannot imagine him, if asked by an Emperor for an extra week for his own school, and on his own territory, swallowing the humiliation of being obliged to refer him to the Governing Body.

PHASES OF PATRIOTISM.

FRENCH patriotism has had two great triumphs this week. It has prevented, or appeared to prevent, two Frenchmen from singing before the German EMPEROR, and it has voted that a statue shall be put up in Paris to DANTON. The act of prevention may be put to the credit of five or six Parisian newspapers which have supplied the want of a sensation by "smelling out" want of patriotism in MM. LASSALLE and MAUREL, as certain barbarians smell out witchcraft. It happened that there was no charge of tripotage or murder case to fill the columns, and so these "geese of the Capitol" raised an alarm over the insult to France which might, if no warning was uttered in time, be perpetrated in the Covent Garden Opera House. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's company contains these two French members, and it was just possible that they might be asked to sing at the gala performance. The prospect was too shocking for the newspapers, and they immediately raised an outcry. Indeed, the opportunity to relieve a dull season was one not to be missed. It not only gave an opening for leaders, but plenty of work to the reporters. These were sent in bands all round Paris to inquire of everybody with a name worth quoting what he would do in these trying circumstances himself, and what he thought MM. LASSALLE and MAUREL should do. The answers were for the most part full of the noblest sentiments. Some authorities held that these artists should sing—and sing their best too—simply in order to overwhelm the barbarian with a sense of the superiority of Frenchmen. Others pointed out that at gala performances artists are expected to bow to the great personage of the evening—and to bow to the leader of the "hordes of ATTILA" was a degradation not to be endured by a true Frenchman. The singers who were consulted were somewhat divided in opinion. All who have any visible chance of finding themselves in the position of MM. LASSALLE and MAUREL insisted on the difficulty of their position. All who had no such chance were loud in declaring that wild horses would not drag them to delight the ruler of Germany's ears. The upshot of it is that MM. LASSALLE and MAUREL have not sung this time. We believe that M. LASSALLE has sung in Berlin since the war, and M. MAUREL is not understood to be a rabid chauvinist. Still they have not sung, and the papers referred to may reflect with complacency that they have once more vindicated the dignity and good sense of France. We tremble, however, for the artists who did sing. A king of Spain has been hooted in the streets of Paris for accepting the colonelcy of a Prussian regiment. It is by no means certain that a Polish tenor may not be hissed for singing before the German EMPEROR. The French are a people of the most delicate sentiments.

Patriotism, again, has been the excuse for the Senators who voted that a statue to DANTON may properly be put up in Paris. We cannot agree with those who, with some unctious remark that the discussion which has arisen in

France as to the respective merits of this man and ROBESPIERRE could never have sprung up here. It would be possible to quote examples of debates on questions of even less importance. There was, for instance, a time when all England applied itself for weeks to arguing for and against the morals of Lord BYRON. Again, it is uncritical to assert, as some do, that he had no single good quality. Like Corporal BROCK, sometime of CUTTS's Regiment of Horse, DANTON could be a good-natured ruffian to people he liked. Less wicked men have behaved worse to their friends than he did to CAMILLE DESMOULINS. We are even not sure that, if statues are to be set up to the heroes of the Revolution, he does not deserve one better than most. At least, as Mr. CARLYLE said of him, he was a man, and not an empty, chattering prig with nothing in him not contemptible, except a hateful capacity for cruelty. His famous saying to ROBESPIERRE, "L'opinion publique est une catin, et la postérité une sottise," proves alone that he had a certain honesty of headpiece. Still he was a violent blackguard in conduct. If he did not deliberately prepare the September massacres—which is so eminently probable as to be nearly certain—he tolerated them with more than "sombre acquiescence." It is at least a question whether a country does not disgrace itself when it puts up a monument to such a man. English history hardly affords a parallel; but we imagine that even Principal RAINY would think it improper to raise a monument on the Calton Hill to the murderers of Archbishop SHARPE. M. WALLON undertook to prove to the Senate that DANTON should not have the honour; and, in the opinion of reasonable people, he did more than enough to carry his point. Nevertheless, the Senate "passed to the order of the day" without voting against DANTON's statue. Nobody supported M. WALLON, and four Senators spoke against him. They had only one answer to make to him in different words. It was that DANTON was a patriot who made kings "tremble on their thrones." That his was a kind of patriotism which eminently deserved Dr. JOHNSON's famous definition did not matter. It was loud, and fertile in phrases. Therefore his self-seeking, his ruffianism, his encouragement of massacre, and the recklessness with which he provoked war to forward the cause of his party, are to be forgiven him. Such is the melodrama of the patriotism whereof the farce is the bobbery made about the singing men in Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's company.

NOT SOLD, BUT GIVEN AWAY.

OF the two alternative courses which we reviewed last week in discussing the progress of the Education Bill, the Opposition have chosen the latter. At the time when we wrote, the Bill was still midway in its passage through Committee, the Order-Book was still "horribly stuffed" with amendments, and it was a mere toss-up whether the completion of its stages in the House of Commons would be an affair of hours or (we might almost say) of weeks. The coin fell the right side up for the Government, and it was an affair of hours only. Hesitating Radicals, hankering after Obstruction, but with an eye on the next election, came to the conclusion that the game was too dangerous, and that the measure must be helped, and not hindered. Accordingly it passed through its Committee-stage on the Friday night of last week, its Report stage was disposed of in a few hours' debate last Tuesday evening, and it was read a third time at the morning sitting of the following day. That was the 8th of July, and the motion for its second reading was made on the 22nd of June. This is, we believe, the quickest thing on record, and it must be a source of legitimate pride to that strong body of "Conservatives" to whose "pressure," according to Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE, the introduction of the Bill is due, to reflect that it is a Government of their party which has accomplished the great feat of giving away the largest number of pounds sterling ever distributed in a single electioneering bribe in the smallest number of hours. And even this leaves out of account the swallowing of principles in which, if the present Government have not actually broken the record, they have certainly kept well up to it. Sixteen days for such a performance as that of definitely establishing the doctrine that the education of children is not a charge upon their parents, but upon other people, and of imposing an annual burden of some two millions and a half upon the taxpayers to defray the cost of putting that doctrine into practice, is surely very

good "time" indeed. Perhaps the constituencies will be so impressed by the mere speed of the performance that they will be eager to renew the Government's lease of power in order to see whether they will interest and amuse the public by further "record-breaking" exploits in legislation. From the purely party point of view it is to be hoped that they may thus reward the authors of the Education Bill from a disinterested love of "sport"; for that they should do so on any other grounds is, to us, inconceivable. Anything more fatuous, indeed, than the assumption that DEMOS will be overwhelmed with gratitude to the Conservatives for giving him what he would have been perfectly certain to get from their adversaries if they had withheld it, has rarely obtained house-room in reputedly intelligent heads. Yet we are forced to conclude—for there is literally no other conclusion open to us—that it is on the strength of that assumption, and of that alone, that the Government have made this outrageous bid for the working-class vote at the coming election.

It is, in fact, not a matter of inference at all, and we were wrong in implying that any process of conclusion-drawing is required in the case. Ministers themselves, and the more willing of their accomplices on the Ministerial Benches, almost openly avow it. They as good as admit that they have abolished the school fees in the hope that they may appropriate to themselves the credit and popularity among the "masses" which the Gladstonians might otherwise have anticipated by offering the bribe themselves. There was never any other real reason than this, as every man of ordinary political perception knew from the first; though there was, it is true, a pretended reason which was paraded, and did duty in a feeble and ineffective fashion, for a short time, and has now apparently been "invalided home." We refer, of course, to the argument that it was the duty of a Conservative Administration, while there was yet time, to interpose between the Voluntary schools and their implacable Gladstonian enemies, and, at whatever sacrifice of strict Conservative principle, to assume the conduct of legislation which under the control of their opponents would be perverted to the destruction of the schools in question. That argument has, as we have said, been dropped of late by those who first put it forward; and this for the not inconclusive reason that the exigencies of their policy have compelled the Government to admit the existence of a state of facts the exact opposite to that assumption on which the argument is founded. In reply to those critics who regard the future of the Voluntary schools under the operation of the Bill with apprehension, the VICE-PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL observed, with a calmness which must have seemed fearful to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, whose dialectical ground was being cut from under his feet:—"Hon. gentlemen left out of account 'two facts—they did not recognize the spirit and energy 'with which the Bill would be met by the managers of 'Voluntary schools, and the dread and terror of the large 'expenditure of the School Board, and the fresh energy 'and impulse with which such terror would naturally 'imbue those who had an interest in the educational 'reforms of any district in the North of England.'" Well, but if "hon. gentlemen" left these facts out of account, what about "right hon. gentlemen"? Was not the right honourable defence of the Education Bill founded upon the absolute ignorance of these facts, and does not the existence of the aforesaid "dread and terror of the large 'expenditure of the School Boards" strike fatally at the root of the pretence that the Voluntary schools are awaiting the Radical ogre in the condition of bound and helpless victims, and that the ratepayers throughout the country would stand tamely by to see them swallowed up? The Government, as they soon began to find out when their Bill came up for serious discussion, cannot "have it both 'ways." Either the Voluntary schools are strong and firmly established educational institutions, or they are not. If they are, the Bill is unnecessary for the sole purpose for which alone any sort of reputable case can be made out for it. If they are not, the operation of the Bill itself is likely to expose them to at least as much danger as they would ever be threatened with by Gladstonian legislation.

No. We are thrown back inevitably on the old and wretched excuse for the passing of Radical measures by Conservative Governments—the excuse that, if the Conservative does not pass them, the Radical will. It is a rare experience for us to be able to admit the justice of one of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's criticisms on his opponents, or to acknowledge the aptitude of one of his epigrams. But

when he rebuked Mr. GOSCHEN for having defended the Bill, not because he had ceased to dread Socialistic measures, but "because it was possible that the successors of the 'present Government might carry out measures yet more 'injurious"; when he said that he "had never heard 'great principles of public policy maintained on such 'grounds," and that it was "a more reckless politician" than Sir ROBERT PEEL or Mr. DISRAELI who had talked about "dishing the Whigs"—we are bound to confess with shame and sorrow that we are with him. And when he taunted Ministers with having proceeded, "as a beaten and 'retreating army sometimes did, to devastate their own 'country and burn their own villages in order that their 'pursuers might be starved out," we have to admit with the deepest regret that the metaphor is as accurate as it is picturesque.

Whether Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was further justified in contending that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER ought to have borne the same grateful testimony to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's share in passing the Education Bill that PEEL bore to CORDEN's share in the repeal of the Corn-laws, we will not undertake to say. Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE, it will be observed, indignantly denied the obligation, and declared that, "if there was one cause more than another 'which had induced the Government to produce the Bill, it 'had been the strong pressure brought to bear upon them 'by a very great number of their supporters." What this very great number was he did not say; but, if Mr. BARTLEY has accurately counted the division-list, it must have been a greater number than cared—or dared—to support their pressure by their votes. For the member for North Islington called attention on Wednesday to the very curious fact that "in the division on the second reading 'less than half the Conservative members voted for the 'Bill." We fear, however, that the abstention of the remainder—a poor-spirited way of expressing dissent at best—can hardly be regarded as proof positive that they or some of them did not contribute to the "pressure" aforesaid. There is unhappily only too much reason to believe that a considerable body of so-called Conservatives played the part of tacit accomplices in the policy of the Government and secretly favoured the introduction of a Bill which they knew would be carried by the votes of their opponents without compromising themselves. This unpleasant suspicion is, moreover, confirmed by the fact that, as soon as the success of the Bill and the safety of the Government were assured, there was a sudden plucking-up of spirit among their followers to resist the more objectionable provisions of their measure, and the devoted little band of twelve Conservatives who alone voted against the second reading of the Bill expanded into quite respectable minorities—we mean, numerically speaking—on the later divisions in Committee. Altogether, it was a melancholy and deplorable passage in the history of the Government, and one which they will yet have cause to repent—not, perhaps, on the grounds insisted upon by Mr. BARTLEY, and illustrated by such a wealth of Virgilian lore, "in DRYDEN'S 'translation rather than the original Latin," but for reasons founded upon much less doubtful calculation. The Voluntary schools may, in spite of the prediction of "the 'CASSANDRA of North Islington," survive the Bill, and even remain uninjured by its operation; but the injury to Conservative principles is inevitable. The supporters whom it will chill, if not alienate, and the votes which it may lose, can be indicated—can almost, perhaps, be counted; but the opponents which it will conciliate and the votes which it will win—where are they? "Sell me if you like," cried Mr. PARNELL last December to his malcontent followers in Committee-room No. 15, "but at least take care that you 'get a good price for me." If "Conservative principles" could be personified and made articulate, they would, it seems, have addressed this adjuration to the Government in vain. For they have not been sold at all, but given away.

GAG AND CHESTNUTS.

THE education of the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE is proceeding. He has heard of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, he knows the meaning of burlesque, and even the word "gag" is not wholly without significance for him. Indeed, it would seem as if Lord COLERIDGE were unlearning what he knew, as well as learning what he did not know. For, in the course of JONES v. ROBERTS, he had to ask what a synopsis was—a word

with which a Scholar of Balliol and Fellow of Exeter must at one time have been familiar. In an age which is sometimes said to be over-cultivated, and in which culture is, at all events, not ideally distributed, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who—as Lord COLERIDGE would have put it in old days—“said he was a comedian,” and Mr. WILTON JONES, of Kew Gardens, are refreshing and almost edifying personages. There is nothing Ibsenite about *Guy Fawkes, Esquire*, or *Guy Fawkes, M.P.* SYDNEY SMITH maintained that anybody could make himself a humourist by working at the subject four hours a day. Mr. JONES was employed for eleven weeks in producing *Guy Fawkes, M.P.* For this he charged thirty shillings a day, or perhaps five shillings a joke. His own counsel described the result in terse and expressive language. “The play,” said Mr. WINCH, “is very comical, and [sic] “would seem a wretched thing if read out, but when it was “in the hands of the defendant it would be very taking.” In the course of an action of libel brought against a newspaper for saying, absurdly enough, that *The Wicked World* was immoral, the late Mr. BUCKSTONE was invited to repeat from the witness-box one of the incriminated passages. With the docility, and in the tone of a schoolboy saying his lesson, he complied. The effect was miraculous. Where was the alleged impropriety? Where was the actual fun? Mr. BUCKSTONE had disposed of them both with an efficiency which could not be denied. Pressed to give the Court a more correct reproduction of his stage manner, the veteran actor murmured “I am “too shy.” It is reported that during the same case the defendant’s counsel insisted upon reading the farce. He had not gone far when his opponent rose and interrupted him. “My lord,” he exclaimed, “I am instructed by my client to state that, rather than listen “to my learned friend any longer, he will submit to a “judgment of nonsuit.” Mr. WILTON JONES is not Mr. GILBERT. But no doubt it would have been hard upon him to lose his claim because the jury were not amused by a forensic rendering of *Guy Fawkes, M.P.* Mr. JONES is one of those happy persons whose wit overflows their publications, and escapes into their private correspondence. When Mr. ROBERTS asked him for a play, he replied that he “could fit him to a T.” This overcame Mr. ROBERTS, who retorted “Please send on *Guy Fawkes* at once.” And so, as the sentry remarked, the fight began.

The very title of *Guy Fawkes, M.P.*, is humorous, whereas *Guy Fawkes, Esquire*, scarcely serves to make the sacred flame of burlesque burn more brightly. The most pathetic episode in the sad story of Mr. WILTON JONES occurred on the 24th of June, 1890. On that day Mr. JONES, having finished his labours, went to the Royalty to see his play rehearsed. He found to his horror that it was *Guy Fawkes, Esquire*, and not *Guy Fawkes, M.P.*, which engaged the attention of the company. This was too much for the author of *Haunted Lives*, *Recommended to Mercy*, and *Merry Mignon*. The objection to *Guy Fawkes, Esquire*, which appears to be a work of extraordinary genius, was solely, if we may credit Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS with being serious, its expense. He wanted something cheaper, and therefore he went to Mr. WILTON JONES. He, perhaps, remembered the gentleman who, on inquiring the price of mackerel, was told that a fresh mackerel cost a shilling, but that he could have a stale mackerel for sixpence. “Then bring me a stale mackerel,” said the gentleman. But Mr. ROBERTS, according to his own account, found *Guy Fawkes, M.P.*, too stale. He wanted, as he expressed it, “a burlesque written round the lines he had “introduced into *Guy Fawkes, Esquire*.” Mr. JONES, perhaps in too literal compliance with this suggestion, introduced a switchback railway. But in the view of the theatrical world, at least as “voiced” by Mr. ROBERTS’s witnesses, switchback railways require no introduction. It is rather a p.p.c. which the pit and galleries expect from them. Mr. HARRY PAULTON, on his oath, deposed that the following jest is old:—“I have arranged to defend “you, if ever you are brought to trial.” “My defence “is a halibi.” “A lullaby?” “No; a halibi.” It is a melancholy, almost a humiliating, reflection that this witticism should have occurred in *Erminie* before it appeared in *Guy Fawkes, M.P.* It is also alleged that Mr. JONES was unduly intimate with *The Great Pink Pearl*, *La Cigale*, and *Paul Jones*. It is dangerous to have read too much. But the highest authorities are, we believe, agreed that original jokes, like Scotch peers, can no longer be made. Mr. WILTON JONES has obtained the sufficient sum of a hundred guineas for his revival

of *Guy Fawkes*. The mistake of Mr. ROBERTS lay in supposing that he could have a fresh mackerel for the price of a stale one.

NAVAL ENGINEERS.

IT would appear, if all tales be true, that the grievances of the naval engineers are at last producing their natural effect. The Admiralty is beginning to find increasing difficulty in securing candidates. It is reported that at the last competition for vacancies the department failed to secure a sufficient number of passmen who could stand all the tests, and was compelled to give another chance to several who had failed in spelling and composition. A late noble lord, who excited some foolish derision by asserting that no branch of knowledge was so superfluous as spelling, would have been delighted to learn of this. We also are not sure that anybody need be much shocked. No doubt it is terribly reactionary to say so; but if a man’s business is to look after machines, his practical and theoretical knowledge of them is the essential. He can leave spelling to elementary schoolmasters, and printers’ readers. Even, however, after this revolt against the examiners, the Admiralty barely succeeded in filling up the number of its engineers. On the supposition that this story is true—and there is nothing improbable about it—we may take it as proved that the discontent of the engineers with their pay and promotion is shared by all the class from which they come. The Admiralty will have to do as it did with the doctors when they “boycotted” the navy. It must raise its terms or go without its engineers. We are not in the least surprised to hear it. The engineers are discontented, and it is idle on the part of the Admiralty to say that they are as well off as naval officers of the fighting line. To begin with, they are not, for the officer of the fighting line is paid in honour and the social prestige which has not yet begun to attach to the position of naval engineer. Moreover, he is deluded by the hope, which cannot mislead the engineer, that he will one day be an admiral. The want of this reward and this enticement must be made up to the engineer in money. Until it is he will—as the doctor did—stay on shore where there is employment and a chance of fortune for men with his knowledge. First Lords may summon him to the vasty deep, but he will not come.

The engineer difficulty is not unlikely to start the whole question of the training of naval officers again. Some of the brisker class of reformers have been known to assert that all naval officers should be engineers. A very confident correspondent of the *St. James’s Gazette*—whose letter, by the way, contains some critical and historical remarks of startling rotundity—has lately reasserted this proposition with emphasis, and backed it up by the example of the old stamp of naval officers who were thorough seamen. His argument is that engineering must be in the future what seamanship was in the past. There is a tempting appearance of force about this analogy, and, as a good deal more may be heard of it, we may not unprofitably point out the reasons for believing it to be mainly illusory. The first reason is that engineering is not a substitute for seamanship, but an addition to it. Because sails have been replaced by steam it does not follow that the need for seamanship has disappeared. The art includes the whole management of a vessel in anchoring or getting up anchor, or in a storm, or in steering at a high rate of speed in difficult circumstances. No training in the engine-room can give this knowledge, or the habit of using it. The seaman is the man who directs the ship’s course from her deck. The engineer is the man who below the water-line looks after the machine which supplies the motive power. The distinction is so natural that it has imposed itself on the merchant service, in which no attempt has been made—or, we may be sure, ever will be made—to combine the master and his mates with the engineer and his assistants. Besides, there is the navigation to attend to, which in the old navy was commonly left to the sailing-master. It is now not thought sufficient to run down the latitude and along the longitude; nor would a captain who, in turning Cape Horn, came up on the wrong side of South America—which little mistake was made by LEGGE, and almost made by ANSON, both excellent practical seamen—be any longer thought to have done nothing extraordinary. Navigation has to be more accurate than this; delicate instruments not known to the old seamen must be handled, and careful calculations made

with which he who had the happiness to live in a world in which time was of no consequence, dispensed with. What remains of seamanship and navigation, by themselves amount nearly to work enough for any man; but a naval officer has not only to direct his ship, he has to fight her. After all, he is first and foremost a fighter, and only subordinatedly a navigator or seaman. The ingenious Captain MAHAN has even plausibly argued that the exclusive devotion of our old naval officers during the greater part of the eighteenth century to seamanship had a bad effect on their qualities as fighters of battles. In this there is a mixture of paradox with some truth—but it is all truth and no paradox to say that an officer who makes it his first business to be an engineer will be no fighter at all. This is not because engineering makes cowards—for the man who stands behind the starting wheel in the engine-room of a war-ship in future naval battles will need a stout heart—but because engineering must be purely ancillary to fighting, and has no necessary connexion with it. The engineers must be a well-trained and chosen body, but they must be apart from the fighting line, and the captain must, willy nilly, trust them with the machines. If it is said that the captain should be able to come down and put them right when they go wrong, we can only reply that the officer who did go below the water-line for any such purpose would practically cease to be captain. As for those who complain that this introduces a dangerous division of authority, we can only beg them to go to the nearest Temple of Science and make their complaints to that meddling goddess herself.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

FINANCIAL matters occupied the London County Council at this week's meeting, and evoked, as usual, some spectacular displays in the somewhat desultory glow of oratory. The question of increase of pay to the Fire Brigade held the place of honour in debate, though it is by no means certain that the discussion of the County Council or Municipal Band question is not, in the opinion of a majority of the Council, a subject of greater moment. With regard to the first matter, Lord LINGEN declared himself, at great length, though in not very convincing terms, to be at variance with the Finance Committee over which he presides. Lord LINGEN is decidedly opposed to the additional increase of pay recommended by the Fire Brigade Committee in June. This additional sum is a trifle more than three times as much as that which the Fire Brigade Committee considered sufficient to meet the justice of the case in February last. The smaller increase then adopted was recommended, Lord LINGEN remarked, after full and elaborate inquiry; why, then, should this large additional increase be recommended? Lord LINGEN, finally, was in favour of postponing the question to a more convenient season, leaving its settlement to the successors of the present Council. He did not, however, explicitly affirm that the London Fire Brigade had not made good the claims for further pay that had been advanced on their behalf. There is no question of London government more important than the efficiency of the Fire Brigade. If Lord LINGEN, in his plea for adjournment, had urged the advantages of considering an increase of the force with the question of increased pay as parts of an extremely necessary scheme, it can scarcely be doubted that he would have received the approbation of the whole thinking public. Unquestionably, the efficiency of the Fire Brigade is connected with liberal remuneration. Good servants are not to be obtained, or retained, without good pay, with the prospect of substantial pensions. But if there was good ground for regarding the Fire Brigade as underpaid, there are infinitely stronger reasons for considering the force to be undermanned. Its present inadequacy to meet the ever-increasing calls to duty, which arrive from opposite and far-distant quarters of the metropolis, has been frequently illustrated of late, and it is owing to the remarkable efficiency attained under Captain SHAW's admirable administration that the inadequacy of the Brigade has not been more severely felt in emergencies. If it be true that more pay is due to the men, more men and more stations are even more requisite, if lives and property are to be adequately protected.

On quite other grounds, we are disposed to protest, like Lord LINGEN, against the recommendation submitted to the Council by the Finance Committee. Having agreed to

increase the firemen's wages, there is something peculiarly ungracious in instructing the Fire Brigade Committee to consider whether the men should not contribute of those wages somewhat to their retiring pensions. This is unpleasantly like giving with the one hand and taking away with the other. Nor could it decently be urged that to do this was encouraging thrift. The virtue of thrift lies in the act of the individual. It should be voluntary, and not on compulsion. It is satisfactory that this little financial scheme was defeated, though by a small majority. The debate on the great Band question resulted in little satisfaction to those that favoured and those that opposed the recommendation of the Parks Committee. Solemn and prolonged was the discussion, and deplorably tame the conclusion. It was a generous Committee. Nothing less did it recommend than a band fifty strong, at a cost of three thousand guineas, as a first instalment of County Council music. It was held by some ancient authorities—by PLATO, for example—that there were certain matters of human government which wisely might be determined by divination or lottery. This Band question might profitably have been decided by such a hazard. Certainly the decision arrived at was no decision at all, either for those who were opposed to rate-paid music, or for those who yearn for a band that shall worthily represent the dignity and harmony of the County Council. To spend fifteen hundred pounds in subsidizing existing bands seems a paltry substitute for the noble ideal of the Parks Committee. As with most compromises, however, the arrangement saves the County Council much tedious discussion. There is no longer any occasion for settling such troublesome matters as the composition of the band, the salaries, the uniform—matters that might have enlivened the Council hall for many a week. It were painful to contemplate the County Council appointing a Committee of Harmony, skilled in the detection of wiriness in the wood-wind, or dulness in the brass.

THE PARNELLITES.

IN the overwhelming defeat of his candidate at Carlow, Mr. PARNELL's pretensions to the leadership of the Irish Nationalists have sustained a serious, if not a crushing, blow. The battle was fought on ground which he would himself have chosen if Fate had not selected it for him; and it has ended in utter rout for his party. It was said by his opponents, before the contest, and not denied either by himself or his adherents, that, if he could not win in Carlow, he would win nowhere; and he has had a far worse beating there than he underwent either at Sligo or Kilkenny. There is no explaining away a disaster like this; and, to do the Parnellites justice, they have refrained from any weak attempts in that direction. Their leader contented himself, in his valedictory speech to his supporters, with the not very formidable undertaking to "raise the issue at every bye-election and at the general election," and, if beaten, to "form his Carlow, Kilkenny, and Sligo supporters into a rallying square." If this merely means, as we suppose it does, that no amount of beating will make him give up, and that if he returns to Parliament after the next general election with no more followers than he can put into a four-wheel cab, he will still assert himself to be the true leader of the Irish people, besides whom none other is genuine, we can only say that we are not in the least surprised to hear it. If he did not continue "fighting on his stumps" like the hero in *Chevy Chase*, he would not be the man we have always taken him for. But the question of practical importance for politicians is not as to the amount of Mr. PARNELL's heroism, but the effective extent of his fighting power. His organs in the Irish press do no more than repeat his Satanic declarations—we refer, of course, to MILTON's fallen archangel—of unyielding resolve, without "condescension upon particulars." They will "fight until defeat has been turned into victory, be the victory"—meaning, we suppose, the struggle—"short or long." They do not think of capitulation or compromise." They simply proceed to organize for the next battle. Exactly. It is as we expected. They will go on "fighting on their stumps," like their leader and the hero in *Chevy Chase*.

This determination not to be beaten, or rather not to admit that they are beaten, not to "stay whipped," as the Americans say, is of course the next best thing for the Unionists to their making a fairly even fight of it. If Mr.

PARNELL comes back to the next House of Commons with ever so small a following, he will be a thorn in the side of the Anti-Parnellites; for we presume that by that time the party opposed to him will have definitely ceased to bear Mr. McCARTHY'S name. The mention of that name, in fact, recalls attention to what will be the most serious element of weakness and disorganization in the Irish Parliamentary party in the future—namely, the want of a leader. We do not, of course, refer merely to Mr. McCARTHY'S singularly undistinguished tenure of that office, and to the early retirement from it which he is said to be contemplating; for Mr. McCARTHY was never regarded, and—and to do an amiable and unassuming politician justice—never, we dare say, regarded himself, as anything more than “a mockery king of snow.” The real difficulty of the Nationalists arises from the fact that there is no abatement of the rivalries among others than his nominal successor for the succession to Mr. PARNELL, and that as soon as Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN come out of prison, it will become more acute than ever. Mr. SEXTON took the lead in debate all through the proceedings on the Land Purchase Bill, and showed as much acuteness in discussing it as Mr. HEALY did in his criticism of the Land Act of 1881. But neither Mr. SEXTON nor Mr. HEALY will do, and if either would do on his own merits, the revolt of the other would make him impossible. Yet either of these would unquestionably be more fit to lead their party than either Mr. DILLON or Mr. O'BRIEN, whose respective claims, again, it will be as difficult for their party to balance as an Irish jury have just found it to assess the value of Mr. HEALY'S reputation. The probability seems to be that the Nationalist leadership will have to go into commission, and that a little committee of Irish members, with absolutely no Parliamentary policy which can be distinguished from that of Mr. PARNELL, will be brought into continually unfavourable comparison with their late leader, who has played the game longer than any of them, and is a far more accomplished master of it than the best of them can ever hope to become. So long as this state of things lasts Unionists, we think, will have no reason to complain of the situation. The Anti-Parnellites at the bidding of the priests will no doubt do all they can to effect a “transaction” with the Gladstonians in the next Parliament; but Mr. PARNELL will be there to denounce the bargain, if its terms are what he would describe as unsatisfactory. It will be hard if he does not succeed in forcing the “Anti's” to put those terms so high that we shall be able to muster a Unionist majority to refuse them.

SOMETHING LIKE A DIVORCE CASE.

THE Divorce Court is not a pleasant place, and its history is not redolent of roses. But people like TAPLIN and OWEN, who have just been sent to prison for the common though rarely punished crime of perjury, it can seldom have seen. There is something almost attractive about the rude simplicity of the plot in which these worthies were engaged. It failed, because cross-examination is not yet entirely impotent as an instrument for the discovery of truth, or at least for the detection of falsehood. But it came very near success, and would have come still nearer had not the almost crazy fatuity of the principal betrayed his less eccentric accomplice. TAPLIN had a wife, of whom he wished to be rid. Not having apparently studied the case of JACKSON v. JACKSON, he thought himself bound to convict her of a matrimonial offence before he could free himself from the burden of her society. The way in which he went to work would have ensured the failure of any novelist who ventured to make a literary use of it. Mrs. TAPLIN is apparently a woman of blameless character, whose release from her husband, though hardly obtained, must be considered worth the price. TAPLIN employed OWEN to enter Mrs. TAPLIN'S room in order that he might be found there by TAPLIN himself. Accordingly, he was so found, and subjected to a symbolical, but unhappily painless, thrashing by TAPLIN himself. The wretched TAPLIN then turned upon his wife, and beat her most severely. This is, one may hope, an unusual incident even among the lowest of the low. There is something about the gratuitous cruelty of this wretch absolutely unnecessary, even from his own point of view, which must make the most squeamish humanitarians regret that he cannot be well and soundly flogged.

But that is not all. The evidence of Mrs. DAVEY at the Central Criminal Court is remarkable even in the hideous recesses of that structure, “every stone embrowned in sin and crime.” She said, “Mrs. TAPLIN and OWEN came to my house in Liverpool to lodge. TAPLIN, attended by a Scripture-reader named ROBERTS, his wife, and other persons, came to the house at one in the morning, and, after indulging in prayer, went up into the bedroom, and surprised Mrs. TAPLIN and OWEN. They afterwards again indulged in prayer, and when I asked TAPLIN what they prayed for, he replied, ‘Because everything went off so nicely.’” It is some slight comfort to think that these two blasphemous and ignoble ruffians are now indulging in imprisonment with hard labour and an unattractive diet. But we cannot see why Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS should not have inflicted upon them the longest term of penal servitude the law permits.

This case has not unnaturally raised the question how far perjury in the Courts ought to be tolerated. Some purists think that, whenever a witness has clearly lied, the Director of Public Prosecutions ought to take the matter up. “That's perhaps Utopian,” as CALVERLEY said of the proposal to suppress the cornopian. Indeed, if it were seriously contemplated, the judicial staff would have to be multiplied tenfold, and the country to be covered with gaols. It might be replied that crime should be punished whatever the consequences, and that a few examples would check the practice. A more serious objection is this. Trials are held every week in which there is very hard swearing on both sides. The jury must decide one way or the other if the whole proceedings are not to be rendered nugatory. Accordingly they do decide, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred decide rightly. But if their verdict were to be followed by a prosecution against the unsuccessful side, an entirely different set of considerations would arise. The defendants would be in the dock, and their mouths would be closed. The second jury would have to find them guilty or innocent without hearing them. That would predispose every juror to leniency, and increase the legitimate tendency to give the accused the benefit of the doubt. Even supposing the thing to be made perfectly clear, there would remain the possibility of forgetfulness or mistake. To speak the absolute truth is not so easy as some people imagine. It has been laid down by a great writer that nothing requires so high a degree of education. Nine witnesses out of ten come into court honest, but none the less determined, partisans. They are in thought and intention not witnesses, but advocates. Without in the least meaning to tell lies, they represent the fact as it appears to them, they colour events to match their own prejudices, and they succeed in conveying a more utterly erroneous impression of what really happened than if they had imitated ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA. Yet to imprison them for their indiscreet zeal would be most unjust. Of course, the instance of TAPLIN and OWEN is very different from any of these. They swore they did not know each other at the very time when they were engaged in an infamous conspiracy to blast the character of an honest woman. Nothing can be too bad for them. The penalty inflicted on them by the RECORDER is too good for them. But it is very seldom that perjury can be so easily proved.

A TYPICAL MEMBER.

A GOOD deal of unjust ridicule appears to be expended upon Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON. There are who speak of him as though he were a mere Parliamentary *lusus* or “sport”—a member who had found his way into the House of Commons by accident, and whose proper seat is at the vestry board, at which, indeed, he is understood to have sat, if not still to sit, with credit to himself, and with or without satisfaction to others. And no doubt this is the sphere for which Mr. MORTON is pre-eminently fitted; but the inference that he is therefore unfitted for a seat in the House of Commons is at once unfair to him and unduly complimentary to the House. The truth is that, however a few Parliamentary veterans of the pre-democratic era and a few brisk young politicians of the newest and most “emancipated” type may flatter themselves, there is no violent incongruity between Mr. MORTON and the bulk of his colleagues. He is very like the average

member of Parliament of the present day—only more so; and for all the cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Divide!" with which he is too often greeted on rising to address the House, he really but very slightly caricatures the characteristics of those who affect superiority to him.

He was, we think, particularly successful in demonstrating this fact in the short, but very instructive, debate which he raised in Committee of Supply last Thursday night, on his motion to reduce the vote for the salaries and expenses of the officers of the House of Commons, in order to protest against the sale of intoxicating liquors at the bar in the Lobby. One can imagine how a motion of this kind would have been treated in the days when PALMERSTON was Consul, if it had been brought forward by any eccentric precisian of that era; and how certain it is that a reply from some one in the position of Mr. HERBERT, or another representative of the Refreshment Committee, would have closed the discussion. Whether the matter was seriously or lightly treated would have depended partly on the temperament of the official, or quasi-official, respondent, and partly on the degree of respect in which the complainant was held in the House. But one thing is certain, that the discussion would have been brief, and would not have been undignified. But nowadays what happens? Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's interposition in the debate, with the hope that the member for Peterborough would "have the courage" of his opinions, and his thanks to him for giving them "the opportunity of a fair and square vote" on the subject of local option, may be overlooked, because Mr. RUSSELL's teetotal craze is, so far as we know, the solitary weakness of a singularly able man. And Mr. JAMES LOWTHER's ironical contribution to the debate must also be excepted from the observations applicable to its general character. But what are we to think of the rising of seven speakers in succession, including one from the Front Opposition Bench, to discuss gravely the great question whether it was not a "heavy blow and sore discouragement" to every loyal soldier of the Blue Ribbon Army that a member of Parliament should be able to obtain a glass of sherry or a tumbler of whisky and soda-water in the lobby of the House? What is to be thought of Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN's declaring, with all the weight of his authority as a Privy Councillor, that the present position of the bar was, he would not say a scandal, but at all events an "eyesore," and that it was monstrous that the first thing which saluted a stranger on being introduced into the inner Lobby should be "the popping of corks and the drinking of liquids"—instead of solids—"on the part of members of the House"? Mr. H. WILSON, who "believed the time would come when the House would not permit any intoxicating liquors to be sold within its precincts," is a type of member whom one expects to hear on such an occasion. But why Mr. ROBY and Mr. LAMBERT? And why the dignified interchange of protest and disclaimer between Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. MORTON, in which the former complained of the unjust imputation on the House of Commons conveyed in the latter's remark about "removing temptation from those who could not resist it," and the latter withdrew the insinuation as handsomely as Mr. BOB SAWYER's friend? It would have been an excellent subject for a debate of three-quarters of an hour in a workman's club, but—in the House of Commons! And yet, if so many members of the House take to it so kindly, and with such zest, what right have they to sneer at poor Mr. MORTON?

A GUIDE TO WATERING-PLACES.

AN old railway-guide is not very interesting reading; but we are not so sure that the same can always be said of old guide-books of other kinds. A stout little volume, having much the appearance of a prayer-book, bearing the title *A Guide to Watering-Places*, and published in the year 1806, is enough to make those, who are searching their brains and their guide-books for some quiet place at which to spend a few weeks this summer or autumn, to sigh with jealousy for the days that are gone. "Why tempt us," they might say, "by showing us a book, written during the lives of many people still living, in which one can read of such a place as Torquay, that those who can dispense with assembly-rooms and fashionable dissipation may pass a few weeks in the summer at this sequestered spot with satisfaction and improvement in health? or of Scarborough—Scarborough of all places!—that it is "not so fashionably frequented"

as some other watering-places, and that "the sons of pleasure fly to more genial climes"? At the date at which the book was written those who wished to break fresh ground might go to Rhyl, Llandudno, or, indeed, wherever they pleased on the north coast of Wales, without finding anything in the shape of a watering-place. The only difficulty in this case would have been to find what the author calls "a commodious inn" or "a genteel lodging-house" to stay at. People who wanted a nice quiet watering-place might go to Ramsgate, which wanted "many of those attractions which draw the young and gay to" more lively places, but had the advantage of a pier of such "vast length and breadth" that the sea breezes could "be equally enjoyed here, as if a person were floating on the bosom of the deep." Another small but rising watering-place was Margate, which was an "increasing resort of genteel people." Here were "various inns and taverns," a camera-obscura, a church, a bowling-green, a Wesleyan and a Baptist chapel, and an assembly-room fitted up "in the first stile of elegance." A charming little seaside place was Cowes, where there were "two inns," the entertainment at both of which was "good and not unreasonable." "Hitherto five or six bathing-machines" had "been found sufficient for the company." Those who preferred a town on the coast with a population "not much under 4,000 souls" might try Hastings. Here the bathing-machines amounted "to nearly twenty"; the lodging-houses were "numerous and well adapted"; but there was "only one inn." At Dover there were "few elegant lodgings, or even handsome houses"; and at Eastbourne, where there were two good inns, nothing seemed "wanting to render this a most desirable summer retreat, except more lodging-houses near the sea."

Inland, attention is called to "Lemington." "This beautiful village" had "recently attracted notice, on account of its saline springs." Besides a Mr. Sinker's hotel, which supplied "very elegant accommodation, there" were "here three good inns, and several neat lodging-houses." The Earl of Aylesford, the lord of the manor, "in the true spirit of benevolence," had "erected an elegant pump-room," and, owing to "the central situation of the village itself," it was "rising rapidly into eminence." The author, nevertheless, warns intending visitors that, "in a state of comparative infancy, the amusements at such a place must necessarily be few and contracted." Another "beautiful village" was Clifton. Here several crescents and the Mall were already standing; although most of them were unfinished, as they had been begun by speculators at a bad time, and "the project had failed owing to the late war." A very bad advertisement for Clifton is the author's remark that its church contained a large number of monuments, "chiefly of strangers, who came here in quest of health." Looking northward, we find Harrogate. "While some places are visited because they are fashionable, and others on account of the beauty of their scenery, Harrogate possesses neither of those attractions in a superior degree, and therefore is chiefly resorted to by the valetudinary, who frequently quaff health from its springs, the waters of which tasted "like rotten eggs and gunpowder." Two thousand persons, we are told, "annually visit this sequestered spot." Living was very cheap here, and the company was drawn "into something like family parties." One of the customs of the place was that the ladies and gentlemen should "mutually treat each other." "After dinner the latter pay for the wine, while the ladies return the compliment in tea." There were two balls every week in an assembly-room which, "though less superb than many apartments of the kind," was "often well filled with genteel people." The master of ceremonies on these occasions was elected by the company from among their own number. "To this office good manners and a suavity of disposition" were "the only passports." The "genteel village" of Great Malvern was already well known, and had an hotel "well calculated for the reception of company." "Company, however, seldom stay long at this place." Little Malvern had been "once a considerable village"; but when this guide-book was published it only contained "five or six houses."

More than fifty pages are devoted to a description of Bath. We read that at one of its balls as many as two thousand tickets were taken at the doors. The balls at Bath in those days began "as soon as possible after seven o'clock, and" ended "precisely at eleven," if necessary "even in the middle of a dance." On Thursdays two cotillions were danced, "one before and one after tea." There is something unspeakably refreshing in this "before" and "after tea." In comparison with other watering-places described in this book, the amusements at Bath seem to have been unlimited. Balls, theatres, societies, clubs, concerts, Vauxhall gardens, riding-schools, and other entertainments were to be had in plenty; and even at that time Bath was quite an old watering-place. Beau Nash, "the first King of Bath," had died some fifty years earlier; but, although Bath had been occasionally visited by sovereigns since the time of Queen Elizabeth, "it appears that about the year 1700 it had only one house with sashed windows, and that the dancers did not exceed ten couples." Per-

haps the greatest rival of Bath among the old English watering-places was Tunbridge Wells. In the reign of James I. Dudley, Lord North, in passing through a wood, "observed the water that has since become so famous with a mineral scum on its surface and an earthy sediment at the bottom." This casual discovery led to the celebrity of Tunbridge Wells, and the place went on increasing until, at the date of our old guide-book, there were four good "taverns," and a number of boarding- and lodging-houses. Here, also, Beau Nash had been a leading spirit. We read that one of the amusements at Tunbridge Wells used to be a "concert-breakfast." "After this repast," it was "customary to attend morning service in the chapel." "Prayers over, the music re-commences." Another long-established inland watering-place was Buxton. The Hall is stated by the author to have been erected about the beginning of the seventeenth century, while other important buildings were built there in the middle of the eighteenth. The Crescent was "a modern fabric" when this book was written. We are told that as many as "700 persons may be accommodated" in Buxton "besides the inhabitants." There was a pack of harriers which used to be "well attended during the season of their activity," and the country is said to have been "well adapted for hunting," which shows that there must have been a volcanic upheaval in that neighbourhood since the beginning of the present century. "Gentlemen likewise amuse themselves in shooting moor game and grouse." What would be the feelings of owners of Derbyshire moors in these days if "gentlemen" from Buxton were to "amuse" themselves by shooting grouse over their properties? A much younger, although thoroughly established, inland watering-place was Cheltenham. "In the year 1780 the whole number of lodging-houses did not much exceed thirty, but," in 1806, it amounted to the prodigious total of "considerably more than two hundred," and there were then assembly-rooms, a theatre, a spa, hot baths, and circulating libraries.

Of the sea-side watering-places, Brighton was by far the most celebrated. "This place, which, in the memory of our grandfathers, was only a little insignificant town on a corner of the coast little frequented, is now become fashionable, elegant, and universally known." At Worthing, "in a short space of time, a few miserable fishing-huts and smugglers' dens" had "been exchanged for buildings sufficiently extensive and elegant to accommodate the first families in the kingdom." Ilfracombe had already "become a place of fashionable resort in the summer months." Its lodging-house keepers were "at once reasonable in their charges, and obliging in their behaviour." At Tenby, again, there were already four inns "for the reception of genteel families," and there were "good private lodgings, well supplied, and accompanied by that peculiar hospitality which distinguishes the principality of Wales." Folkestone, also, was a regularly established watering-place; Bognor consisted of "an extensive assemblage of brick-built villas"; Dawlish had "risen into a state of comparative elegance"; Southend was a very smart place, frequented by "the superior ranks of society," and "personages of the first distinction, particularly Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," "the lower orders not having yet intruded themselves." As to Weymouth, "since their Majesties, and other branches of the Royal Family," had visited it in 1789, and had since then honoured it "with an annual residence of some weeks, during the season, it" had "become one of the most fashionable of all the sea-bathing places." As a contrast to this aristocratic spot may be mentioned Blackpool, where the highest charge for board was three shillings and fourpence a day, a shilling each being charged for dinner and supper, and eightpence for breakfast and tea. It was "too young to be noticed at a distance by the gay or sickly world"; and it received its chief support from Lancashire. When the ladies went to bathe a bell rang; and if a gentleman was found on the parade after that, he was fined a bottle of wine. When the ladies had had their turn, the bell was rung again, and they were made to come away and give place to "the gentlemen." On the west coast of Wales, Barmouth was "much frequented," and had "several excellent machines"; Aberystwith had an inn which was "a decent house of entertainment, and the lodgings, if not elegant," were "at least commodious and reasonable." It had only three walks: one "round the churchyard," one by the side of the harbour, and one "traced out with some taste and ingenuity among the ruins of the old castle."

We have described a few of the English watering-places of eighty-five years ago; what will those of eighty-five years hence be like? Perhaps the entire coast of this island will by that time be one continuous "seaside resort."

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

INFORMATION has reached us that some of the Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, contemplate an attempt to erect a high roof on the top of the College Library. The acts of vandalism that have been performed by corporations of men, whose education would, it might have been surmised, have secured them in the possession of some traces of cultured taste, are often more terrible than those committed by whole vestries of grocers. If the Trinity Dons would occupy themselves in studying the fine collection of architectural books which their library contains (many of them bequeathed by the late Dr. Whewell), instead of ruining one of Sir Christopher Wren's most perfect works, they might learn something of the value of the gems of art of which they are the temporary custodians; and the worst mischief they would be doing would be the wearing out of valuable volumes. The Library was commenced in 1675, during the mastership of Dr. Barrow, and occupies the whole western side of the quadrangle known as Nevill's Court. The eastern side consists of the great dining-hall, these two buildings being connected by suites of rooms, some of them beautifully panelled, built over a wide classical cloister, the echo in which was used by Sir Isaac Newton to measure the velocity of sound. In its own peculiar way Nevill's Court is unique, and its most perfect architectural feature is the library. Built on piers and pillars, it forms on the ground level an open space, which is a wide and impressive continuation of the cloister. Through this space can be obtained glimpses of the celebrated "Backs." It is true that the north and south sides of the court were somewhat roughly handled about the middle of the last century by one Essex, a prototype of the architect, whoever he may be, who is advising the present governing body of the College to brand their tenure of office with the disgrace of a still greater iniquity. He and his contemporaries had, however, the excuse of a conviction that their own work was more perfect than that of their predecessors. Who is the vain creature who can in these times venture to say that he can build better than Sir Christopher Wren? If a musician were to alter a movement in a symphony of Beethoven's, lovers of music would stay away from the performance of the mutilated work. But if such a man succeeded in forging a change in the only existing manuscript left after the composer's death, he would be held up to the execration of mankind on the discovery of the crime. But where is the difference between such an act as that and what is now proposed? Amongst architects Wren stands as high as Beethoven amongst musical composers; and in this example of his art, although the plainness of the river-front shows that he must have been hampered to some extent by want of funds, his genius was allowed fair play. Any student of his works is familiar with (amongst others) two special qualities of which he was master. The first is elegance or justness of proportion; the second is skill in the treatment of roofs. There can be nothing gained by arguing in favour of these statements. The architect who does not instinctively realize their truth had better confine his future practice to the designing of good sanitary systems; his time will be thus employed in the benefiting the health of mankind, rather than in the destruction of great works of art.

In Trinity College Library Wren departed from his usual straightforward system, and resorted to what is almost an architectural trick, in order to secure the proportions he desired. It is therefore clear that he attached great importance to these proportions. Also, being the creator of that most magnificent roof in the world, the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, he on this occasion kept the roof at a low pitch, and further hid it by the erection of a balustrade on a somewhat unusually high base. This balustrade is emphasized by four statues on its four central piers, which have been described by local *cicerones* as "Faith, Hope, Charity, and Geography," or "Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and the use of the Globes," according as the said *cicerones* have attended Voluntary or Board schools. Thus there is evidence that the low-pitched roof is part of the very conception of the design. To alter its appearance would not only be a reckless destruction of the beauty of proportion on which the artistic value of the building depends, but would be an action which would make men ask themselves whether the Fellows of Trinity College are more fit for the trust reposed in them than those reformers in stone of the sister University who have tried their utmost to turn the most graceful city in England into a Balliolic heap.

EXHIBITIONS.

WE offer a warm welcome to a new artistic body, which opens its first exhibition under auspices of unusual good fortune. The Society of Portrait Painters has not yet found a home of its own or a President, but it occupies on its first

appearance the ample galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and it is worked by a committee, of which Messrs. A. Stuart-Wortley (who is also Chairman), John Collier, Arthur Hacker, G. P. Jacob Hood, Solomon, Shannon, and Hubert Vos are the constituent parts. Among its other members—limited, we are glad to see, to the reasonable number of twenty—it counts such distinguished younger painters as Messrs. Percy Bigland, Glazebrook, MacLure Hamilton, H. G. Herkomer, Llewellyn, Arthur Melville, E. A. Ward, T. Blake Wirgman, and Mrs. Louise Jopling. Its first exhibition is encouraged by contributions from Sir J. E. Millais, Messrs. Watts, Dicksee, Whistler, Fildes, Prof. Herkomer, and Mr. Sant. We find, indeed, among the exhibitors of this year almost every eminent artist who is a painter of portraits, except Messrs. Oulless, Orchardson, and Alma Tadema. We hope that, on a second occasion, the list may prove to be still more complete. A few weeks hence the show will be even more interesting than it is at present, for then those blanks will be filled up which are now left for pictures which are to arrive from the Salon.

In the West Gallery, Mr. Charles Furse, a young and rising portraitist, holds the first corner with a group of pictures, of which "Miss Bruce" (5), a dim and half-impressionist study of a lady in lilac, is the most remarkable. Next to Mr. Furse hang the delicate Holbeinesque portraits of Mr. Edwin A. Ward. A general favourite will be what would in Hogarth's time have been called "a conversation-piece," Mr. G. A. Storey's "The Charade" (15), painted in 1880. A powerful study of colour is Mr. Arthur Melville's "Miss Ethel Croall" (22). The corner of the next wall is filled with Mr. Kennington's not exactly inspired, but sound and effective, portraits. The place of honour is very justly given to Mr. Arthur Hacker's striking full-length of "Mr. Alfred East" (42). This, one of the most powerful of the new portraits, shows the distinguished painter seated, out of doors, at his easel, a cigarette between his lips, and the head turned back, with knitted brows, to get a side-view of the canvas he is painting on; a landscape, not much like one of Mr. East's, fills the background. An amusing pair of portraits is "Mr. Robert Macbeth" (45) in his shirt-sleeves, by Mr. Tom Graham, and "Mr. Tom Graham" (46), in a brown suit, by Mr. Robert Macbeth. Mr. John Collier is very fully represented. His "Mrs. Harry Huxley" (48) is a particularly refined and dignified example of his portraits, while we are not less pleased to see again his figures of "Mr. Toole" (51), and "Sir Frederick Haines" (49), and his three heads, in the seventeenth-century manner, of Mrs. John Collier (50). Mr. Llewellyn, in his pastel of "Mrs. Rivers" (62), employs in the dress, a little too brilliantly, his favourite emerald green. M. Carolus Duran exhibits an admirable figure of "The Artist's Daughter" (63), in dove-grey and pink, signed 1890. Mr. Wirgman's heads are a little hard, but very careful and accomplished; he shows particularly to advantage in the "Portrait of a Lady" (64).

In the Centre Gallery Mr. Hubert Vos occupies half a wall; his recent work, we are bound to confess, shows signs of haste. His "Major Jones" (121), with the head curiously twisted back and illuminated from below, is the cleverest of these contributions, but is painted not wholly without affectation. We are delighted to see here, once more, a master-piece of the British school, Sir J. E. Millais's superb "Mr. Gladstone" (134) of 1879. Mr. Shannon is represented by four of his elegant, attenuated, and distinguished full-lengths, among which the "Marchioness of Granby" (138) of two years ago still takes a foremost place. Among these portraitists, it is Mr. Shannon who, *par excellence*, seems the Master of the English Lady of Quality. Mr. Hugh De T. Glazebrook is a painter who is rapidly coming to the front, but he does not at present wield the art of modelling flesh with so much vigour as Mr. Percy Bigland, whose "Mr. D. S. Landale" (145), which hangs against the doorway, is a marvellously vivid and upstanding presentment of a ruddy country gentleman. Mr. J. McLure Hamilton is a rapid and artistic improvisatore, who obtains an excellent portrait at once, and is shy of disturbing that first fragmentary inspiration. His "impressions" of "Cardinal Manning" (150), "Mr. Watts" (152), and "Mr. Onslow Ford" (153), are sketches of the slightest, but admirable so far as they go. There are few finer heads in the exhibition than that of "M. Alexandre Dumas fils" (157), by M. Léon Bonnat. The place of honour is given to Sir Frederick Leighton's seated figure of "Lady Coleridge" (158), in white satin, against a crimson velvet curtain, a highly elaborated and sumptuous piece of painting, a little too waxy, perhaps, in the features. By the side of this portrait hangs the head of "Mr. H. M. Stanley" (162), painted by Professor Herkomer in 1886. Of other works in this gallery we can mention only Mr. Wyly Grier's "Physician" (173), a spectacled head, with long white beard, and the graceful contributions of Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt.

In the East Gallery Mr. Solomon exhibits his well-known and slightly comic "Sir John Simon" (182), in wig and scarlet gown, as well as a more completely successful figure of "Mrs. Ernest Lowy" (184). We are delighted to see again a picture which was much admired in the Royal Academy of, we think, 1879, Mr. Frank Dicksee's "House Builders" (192), Sir W. E. and Lady Welby-Gregory examining a model of a house on a table; this is a portrait-group of exceptional charm of colour and arrangement. Of Mr. Herman G. Herkomer's portraits, the strongest is that of his relative, "Prof. Herkomer, R.A." (197), standing in a theatrical attitude in his gown as Master of Arts. Mr. Fildes exhibits his charming full-length of "Mrs. Fildes" (202), smiling, in black satin, against an orange background. With excess of modesty, Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley has hung his own interesting group of portraits in the worst corner of the East Gallery; but in the most rapid survey his "Sir William Grantham" (213) and his "Mrs. John Hargreaves" (215) are sure of not being overlooked. Special interest attaches to two splendid examples of Mr. Whistler's portraits, executed many years ago, and, familiar to all lovers of his work, the portrait of Miss Alexander, which is called a "Harmony in Grey and Green" (223), and the superb "Arrangement in Grey and Black" (224), which represents the artist's mother. It would be idle to deny that the tone of these classics of nineteenth-century painting makes the surrounding apparitions a little vain and garish. A group by M. Fantin-Latour, "L'Atelier aux Batignolles" (225), has the interest of containing, we believe, the portraits of those persons whom M. Zola had chiefly in mind in writing *L'Œuvre*; the figure of the novelist himself sits in the foreground. Here are two very representative examples of Professor Herkomer's portraits, his "Archibald Forbes" (242) of 1886, and his beautiful "Miss Grant" (243) of 1885. Mr. Watts sends a fine full-length (244) of a girl in black against a gold background. It will be observed that a majority of the most striking examples are pictures previously known to the public, and the labour of the Society of Portrait Painters will begin when it has to fill its rooms with the work of the current year. It might prove advisable for it to keep up the practice of making the successive exhibitions partly loan collections of paintings already seen elsewhere.

At Messrs. Bellman & Ivey's Gallery, 175 Piccadilly, the public is invited to inspect a collection of English, French, and Russian bronzes. The English specimens, however, prove to be confined to two soldiers from the late Sir Edgar Boehm's "Wellington Memorial" (12, 13), not happy examples of that sculptor's designs. The French bronzes are of the kind commonly produced in Paris, attractive enough as reductions of sculpture more or less creditable, and ranging in merit from Falguière's "Femme au Paon" (18) and "Diane" (19) to works of very trifling pretension. The novel feature of the exhibition, however, consists in the Russian sculpture, fantastic and pictorial ornaments in bronze such as are the favourite toys of fashionable Russian households. Here are numerous examples of the bears and dogs and wolves of Nicolas Lieberich, sometimes called the Russian Barye, an artist of great industry, with some cleverness in catching animal character, but little modelling power. The rest of the Russian bronzes are signed by names not known to us; they represent on a small scale groups of peasants in sledges, scenes of Circassian, Cossack, and Tartar manners, complicated bear-hunts, and the like. The most elaborate is a group of "Emigrants to the Amour" (33), by Posene, a travelling cart with peasant figures isolated around it. These pieces have no real sculptural quality, but often display an amusing pictorial facility.

At the Japanese Gallery in New Bond Street is a collection of over fifty water-colour drawings by Mr. John Varley of scenes in Japan. Mr. Varley's manner of painting is slight but effective; the subjects he has selected are characteristic and striking. They show tea-houses, landing places with green bronze deities squatting on the quays (52), rough paths up rocky hillsides (1) leading to various temples, and then, best of all, the curiously constructed entrances to those temples, with their richly-coloured porches, their doors of vermilion (23), and their pillars and hangings of black and gold (2). The surroundings and approaches to the temples are often of the roughest, making the buildings appear like large roadside shrines, rather than like the temples of the great Buddha, or of the terrible Iyeyasu.

In the same room are some rather feeble oil-colour sketches by Mr. Frank S. Ogilvie, several childishly-painted poultry groups by Miss Campotosto, and a few spirited portrait studies of dogs by Mr. Arthur Wardle.

THE JUBILEE OF MR. PUNCH.

JUST fifty years ago, on the 17th of July, 1841, the first number of a new English comic paper was published. The proprietor and projectors were so doubtful of its success that it seemed advisable in their eyes to strengthen its first name with a descriptive second title claiming for it kinship with a foreign source. It was called *Punch*, with the sub-title of the *London Charivari*; and this is the periodical that is at this moment celebrating its jubilee to the satisfaction of the English-speaking race. Every one just now is as pleased as *Punch* himself; for, take him all in all, the hunchback of Fleet Street has worthily fulfilled his mission. He may have made mistakes at times; but for half a century he has reflected public opinion of the better kind, and maintained in the weekly press the tradition that gives to the British nation a reputation for sound common-sense. It may, therefore, be interesting, and possibly instructive, to trace the career of the paper from its origin, when the blocks of the week appeared subsequently as the initials of the index at the end of the volume, to the present number, which gives every evidence of prosperity of the most convincing character.

There seems to be some doubt about the early days of *Punch*. Several stories have been told of the meetings of the first proprietor, Mr. Last, and Messrs. Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon, who, it would appear, were at first joint editors. That Gilbert Abbott à Beckett was soon associated with them in carrying out the paper is manifest from the obituary notice from the pen of Douglas Jerrold that appears in September 1856, which claims for the magistrate then just dead the honour of having written in its first number. Mayhew and à Beckett had been schoolfellows at Westminster, and many of the features of *Figaro in London*, a paper that had been started by the latter in December 1832, appear in *Punch*. The idea of the weekly cartoon is found in *Figaro in London*, and for three volumes was drawn by Seymour; moreover, Mr. Last, the first proprietor of *Punch*, was also the original owner of the paper with the Spanish name. Thus, it would seem that, although Messrs. Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon had the honour of originating *Punch*, some of their inspiration came from the earlier efforts of à Beckett. Be this as it may, once started the paper soon sprang into popularity, but not before Mr. Last had had to dispose of his interest to a firm of publishers whose capital was larger than his own and whose notion of journalistic development was less restricted. Very soon Douglas Jerrold and Percival Leigh were added to the list of contributors, and the latter's aid was at this moment the more valuable as he brought with him a fellow-student of his at St. Bartholomew's—to wit, John Leech. Albert Smith had also joined; but a dispute about the origin of some social sketches soon terminated his connexion with the paper, although to the hour of his death he entertained a kindly feeling of respect for his old colleagues on the *Punch* staff. And now what have been called the palmy days of the paper's career were approaching. Leech, Jerrold, Doyle, and à Beckett were all doing their best, but the paper was to receive invaluable aid from one of the greatest pens of the time—Mr. Thackeray. The foremost novelist of the nineteenth century, as we may call him (if it is safe to prophesy that the next eight years will work no literary miracle), gave *Punch* a tone it had never known before. To the hour of his arrival the world had enjoyed the bourgeois humour of Mrs. Caudle and the semi-pathetic, semi-comic poverty of luckless Mr. Briefless, but Society (with the capital initial) had never recognized its own foibles. "The Book of Snobs" caused a profound sensation, and Mr. *Punch*, who until then had been satisfied to perform in the streets, and sing his "Songs of the Seedy" (varied on one memorable occasion by that masterpiece "The Song of the Shirt"), suddenly dropped his motley, and appeared in full evening toilette. He has, so to speak, "dressed for dinner" ever since. The British public have grown accustomed to seeing him in the uniform of the field marshal, the lawn sleeves of the bishop, and the tweed of the country gentleman, and when he appears in the fustian of the railway guard or the green apron of the gardener, we feel that our old friend is poking fun at us, and is really masquerading for his own amusement. And it was about this time that the great institution to which our contemporary undoubtedly owes so much of its vitality was established. What the Cabinet meetings are to the Government such is the *Punch* dinner to the fortunes of the *London Charivari*. Without it the chances are that Mark Lemon, the original editor, could never have kept together the members of his brilliant staff. It is said that on one occasion, when Jerrold had deeply offended Thackeray, the great author observed, "It is useless to quarrel with him, as, do what I may, I shall have to dine with him on Wednesday." And the knowledge of the punctual appearance of the weekly dinner has had a beneficial effect on the selection of what is known as the "dining staff." A regular contributor to *Punch* must not only be a wit, but also a good fellow, a "clubbable"

man, and this novel adaptation of the rule of "the survival of the fittest" has worked well. A man of the world who is unlikely to quarrel with his fellows is not the sort of person to take a prejudiced view of life. The fact that he gets on with people is an earnest that he is fairly reasonable in his opinions, and not too persistent in pressing them upon the attention of those who honestly disagree with him. It has been universally remarked that *Punch* has seldom taken the unpopular side in any important question, and the fact that its old cartoons have been republished in volume form over and over again argues that what was thought right and just years ago is still appropriate to the sentiment of the passing hour. It is no secret, too, that the political opinions of the members of the *Punch* staff are of almost harlequin variety. Until Charles Keene died the other day, even Toryism *pur et simple* was represented at the festive board in Bouverie Street, and if the Conservative element is now less prominent, there are still many members of the *Punch* Cabinet who would vote in the same lobby with Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Hartington. On the other hand, there are those who worship the working-man and have a kindly sympathy for an idealized Socialism. And out of this conflict of opinions comes the weekly cartoon, which nearly always represents the exact merits of every public question. Like our Constitution, the policy of *Punch* is founded upon a compromise—it is affected neither by extreme heat nor extreme cold, and consequently is healthy.

And here it may be pointed out that, although our contemporary is noted as a "picture paper," it owes as much to the pen as the pencil. Leaving out of the question a number of brilliant series represented in the earlier days by "*Punch's* Letters to his Son," "*The Unprotected Female*," and "*The Naggletons*," and in the latter by "*Happy Thoughts*," "*Voices Populi*," and other well-known papers, besides pithy articles innumerable on the passing topics of the hour, it is to be noted that it is from the literary staff that the artists draw much of their inspiration. Many years before his death Thackeray ceased to be a contributor to *Punch*, but he retained his seat at the historic table until the very last. He felt in common with those who have also sat with their feet under the Bouverie Street mahogany-tree that an important duty had fallen to his lot—the opportunity of directing an organ of opinion in a right or a wrong direction. And when this is said, it must not be thought that it is intended to detract from the merit of Mr. John Tenniel, and one or two of his colleagues of the pencil. On the contrary, it is impossible to praise too highly the purity of style, the excellence of draughtsmanship of the veteran artist who has turned caricature into a fine art, and made the "cartoon" of a comic periodical the means of displaying many a picture of power and beauty.

Punch has been fortunate in its editors. We have already spoken of Mark Lemon, who had the honour to edit men greatly his superior in intellectual attainments, but scarcely his equal in *bonhomie* and tact. His three successors were called to the table at his instigation. Shirley Brooks, the polished novelist, who founded that "*Essence of Parliament*" which, although it has changed its character of late years under the guidance of a new pen, is still popular; Tom Taylor, the art critic and dramatist; and the author of "*Happy Thoughts*." It is enough to say that Mr. Burnand is a worthy successor to those who have gone before, and carefully and wisely obeys the traditions of his office.

NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.

THERE were few signs of the backward season and dry harsh spring of this year to be noted at the exhibition of the National Rose Society at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last. The sun and showers of a genial June appear to have brought compensation for past rigours. Altogether, though inferior to the memorable show of last year in all departments, the show must be accounted good, especially in the classes for tea-roses. The competition, however, was less keen in certain classes. Several well-known growers, too, were unable to exhibit, owing to sudden and violent storms at the critical moment of gathering. But it would be a bad season indeed if a rose-show at the Crystal Palace were less than a beautiful and imposing spectacle; for nowhere do cut flowers retain their fragrance and freshness through the summer day as they do in the spacious and airy north nave of the Crystal Palace. It is not surprising, therefore, that rose-growers in all parts of the country should regard this show as the most important of the Society's annual exhibitions. On Saturday the amateur growers made an extremely fine display, both in H. P. and in tea-roses; proving once more that they can excel, as cultivators, the professional growers in the quality of the roses shown in the numerically smaller classes in which they compete.

Of course, there is something more imposing in the splendour of the seventy-two or the forty-eight varieties of H. P. roses in the heavier division of the exhibition, in both of which competitions Messrs. B. R. Cant of Colchester were victorious. These were, indeed, noble collections, well representative of the exhibitors' skill and judgment, and of the manifold wealth of the H. P. roses. Among the seventy-two were few that were not altogether admirable specimens in form and colour. Here, for example, might be found a "Prince Camille de Rohan" finer than any one of the dozen blooms of that rose that gained the prize in the competition of dark roses. It is sound policy, no doubt, that the product of private gardens should not be allowed to compete with that of the nursery, yet it is certain that, apart from the test of numbers, the finest fruits of culture were exhibited by the amateurs. Mr. Lindsell, of Hitchin; the Rev. F. S. Taylor, of Evesham; the Rev. J. H. Pemberton; Dr. Budd—to name a few of the formidable array of successful competitors—fully sustained their reputation. It is curious to mark the pre-eminence of one among tea-roses in the season. Last year it was "Catherine Mermet" that was exalted. This year "Catherine Mermet" appeared in poor estate, and "Niphetos," "The Bride," and "Souvenir de S. A. Prince" reigned in her stead. Pleasant it is to see "Maréchal Niel" excluded from certain competitions in tea or noisette roses, just as the spot-stroke is barred in billiards, for this incomparable flower must necessarily vanquish all others when shown in perfect condition as on Saturday. A rose that leaves nothing to desire in colour, form, or scent is above criticism.

"Do they smell them all?" was the curious inquiry of a young observer at the Crystal Palace. It is fortunate that "they"—i.e. the judges—are not required to add this duty to the burden of their office. Subtleties of colour were distracting enough, without venturing upon so infinite a field of discussion. Delicate must be his sense of colour who could accurately define the colour of "Grace Darling," or decide between the crimson of "Alfred Colomb" and that of "Marie Rady," the silvery rose of the elegant "La France" and the warmer hue of "Mlle. Gabrielle Luizet." Given two perfect blossoms, who would proclaim which constitutes the better "candidate"—the whiteness of "Baronne de Maynard" or the whiteness of "Boule de Neige"? As it is with the "bouquet" of Romanée or Clos Vougeot, such questions as the analysis of the odour of "Charles Lefebvre" compared with, let us say, that of "Cheshunt Hybrid," must be left to the taste of the individual. The wise cultivator will find room in his garden for a selection of "summer" roses, those "sweet diminutives," the so-called "fairy roses," for the old "cabbage," and not restrict himself to teas and H. P.s. Old roses best become an old garden. Without them it is not easy to understand those old poets who were so wont to celebrate the ephemeral character of the rose. They praised another kind of rose than the majestic, the hardy, and prolific H. P. of our time. Fugacious was the blooming of that rose, if the poets witness aught. The day that made them was the day that marred. As he watches the opening buds of "La France" or "Merveille de Lyon," "delaying, as the tender ash delays," to put on its full splendour for a whole week, the modern grower may well wonder what kind of a rosebud that was which smiled to-day and to-morrow would be dying, as Herrick's famous song has it. In Elizabethan gardens were grown roses more robust than this—roses of Provence and the semi-double damask that yet lingers in old gardens—and it must have been a wilding, a single rose, one of the large family of briars, that was the object of Sir Richard Fanshawe's lament:—

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon;
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

The yellow and copper Austrian briars, the white or crimson *Rosa rugosa*, are among the few roses now grown that answer to the description. Then was the brief though bright reign of summer roses, a time difficult for us to realize whose gardens are brilliant with roses from June to Christmas.

MONEY MATTERS.

PROBABLY the Directors of the Bank of England reduced their rate of discount to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last week very unwillingly. They have done what they could to prevent the fall in the value of money, and they have yielded to the inevitable very reluctantly; but that they have felt it safe to put down the rate so low shows how greatly the circumstances of the world's money markets have changed during the past couple of months. It will be recollected how, only a few weeks ago, earnest efforts were made to attract gold from New York and elsewhere, and

how the Governor of the Bank tried to induce the joint-stock banks to co-operate with him in maintaining the rate at 5 per cent. The joint-stock banks refused, and the rate has had in consequence gradually to be lowered to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; yet the Directors of the Bank do not seem to fear any ill consequences, immediately at all events, and in the open market the feeling is best shown by the fact that bills are freely discounted at 1 per cent. The cause of the change is mainly the readiness with which gold has been attracted from New York. Every one feared when the shipments began that the New York money market would be thrown into confusion, that rates there would rise rapidly, and that therefore not much of the metal could be got. As a matter of fact, the American money market has not been disturbed. Rates have risen surprisingly little, and though the Stock Exchange has been affected, even yet the money market continues easy. Since New Year's Day over 14 millions sterling in gold have been shipped from New York. Other large amounts have been attracted from Australia, India, South Africa, and South America, and a considerable sum has also been brought from Portugal. The result is that the great European banks are now stronger than they have been at this time of the year for several years past. When the Bank of England rate of discount was reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last week, the Bank held over 28½ millions sterling in gold. At the same date last year it held only 21½ millions. Compared with twelve months ago, therefore, its stock of coin and bullion is seven millions larger—an increase of 33 per cent. On the same day the Bank of France held over 53½ millions sterling in gold, while twelve months ago it held only 52½ millions sterling. The increase in the case of the Bank of France is not great, but it is to be recollected that the Bank of France was exceedingly strong twelve months ago, that since then it lost much gold, and that the recent increase has been very large. For example, at the beginning of June it held only 51½ millions sterling in gold, so that in the four weeks from the beginning of June till the beginning of July it obtained 1½ million sterling of the metal. The amount of gold held by the Imperial Bank of Germany cannot be exactly stated, for in the returns the gold and silver are not distinguished from one another. It is generally estimated, however, that about 10 millions sterling of silver are held. If so, the Imperial Bank of Germany held at the end of June about 36½ millions sterling. Twelve months ago it held only about 34 millions sterling. It will be seen that the Imperial Bank of Germany, like the Bank of France and the Bank of England, has considerably strengthened itself during the past six weeks, and gold continues to be received both by the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of France in considerable amounts; indeed, the shipments from New York to the Continent have not yet ceased. It would seem, therefore, that the disturbance of the European money market which was so much apprehended a little while ago is now provided against. All the great European banks dispose of such immense resources that if necessary they can part with a large amount of gold during the autumn without serious inconvenience. Fortunately, too, the demand for gold promises now to be much less than seemed likely only a few weeks ago. Since the end of May the weather all over Europe has been much more favourable, and a very great improvement in consequence has taken place in the crops. Therefore the probability now is that Western Europe will not require to import from abroad nearly as much wheat as seemed likely only a few weeks ago. In that case the price of wheat will be lower than every one was anticipating; consequently Europe, not having to pay for as much wheat, and not having to pay as high prices, will not incur nearly so large a debt to the wheat-exporting countries, and therefore the latter will not be able to take as much gold as seemed likely a little while ago. Of course, there may be an unfavourable change in the weather; but if not, the money market all over Western Europe will not be disturbed, unless, of course, some entirely unforeseen accident should occur. Bearing in mind the widespread distrust here and on the Continent, and the large lock-up of capital in unsaleable securities, it was very generally feared that, if the harvest throughout Western Europe proved as bad as seemed likely up to a week or two ago, the money market would be convulsed. All those whose credit had been at all impaired would find it difficult to get accommodation, alarm would spring up, and probably there would be many failures; at all events, it seemed only too likely that there would be apprehension of failures, and, therefore, that the crisis would be deepened. Another matter that caused some anxiety was the effect of a very bad harvest upon the peasant farmers throughout Western Europe. Usually their savings enable them to invest in the latter part of the year in the national funds, and those investments, though individually small, in the aggregate amount to so much that they are a very material support to the Continental Bourses. If the crops were to prove very deficient the peasant farmers would not be able to save as in ordinary years, and, therefore, would not invest upon

the same scale, and probably would invest exceedingly little. The withdrawal of their support from the markets at a time when distrust is so general could hardly fail to have a very depressing influence. But, if the harvest does not turn out so bad as it was feared lately, there may not be the falling off in small investments that has been so much feared. One other point of importance may be noted. The workpeople, peasants, and small shopkeepers not only invest directly in the national funds, but they also lodge immense sums in the aggregate in the national savings banks. If the peasantry were to be distressed by the badness of the crops, they, the agricultural labourers, and the tradespeople of the villages and the small towns would suffer immediately, and all would have to withdraw considerable amounts from the savings banks. But the money lodged by these classes in the savings banks is, of course, invested by the several Continental Governments in the national funds. Were the withdrawals from the savings banks to be very large, they would compel the several Governments to sell Renten and similar national funds. By so doing they would not only lower prices, but they would create uneasiness, as a fall in the State funds would everywhere be regarded as a most unfavourable symptom. The great improvement in the crop prospects, and the promise thus given that there will not be the disturbance in the money market which has hitherto been feared, are then most hopeful signs not only for agriculture generally, but for trade and for the stock markets.

Although business on the Stock Exchange continues so slack that brokers are still complaining that they are not earning enough to cover their current expenses, yet there has been during the past few days a decidedly better feeling. The rise in Consols, Colonial Stocks, and other first-class securities which began last week has made further progress, and even Home Railway stocks have decidedly improved. Mainly, this is due to the extreme cheapness of money. Early in the week the banks were taking bills from the discount-brokers at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and even sometimes at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and they were making loans at from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.; but as the banks allow 1 per cent. on deposits, they were evidently losing by so employing the deposits. If they were to go on doing this, how could they expect to earn dividends? It is clear, therefore, that the banks must either invest the deposits in securities that will yield more than bills do at present, or else that they must lend more freely to the Stock Exchange than they have lately been doing, and so help in stimulating business. The rise in high-class securities shows that the banks are, in fact, growing tired of the present stagnation, and are investing and lending more freely. The lead of the banks will probably be followed by the general public now that the dividends on all sorts of securities are being paid. Yet, while there is a probability that investment business will increase, it is not likely that we shall have much speculation for some time to come. There is still too much distrust and too great a lock-up of capital in unrealizable securities. Besides, the state of South America is as bad as ever, and the crisis in Portugal is threatening to become worse and worse. The bad harvest on the Continent, too, can hardly fail to have a depressing effect on the Continental Bourses; and altogether, therefore, there is little inducement for engaging in speculation. On the other hand, there seems every possibility that speculation in the United States is about to increase rapidly. The American harvest is the finest that has been gathered in for many years, and, if the Russian harvest proves as bad as the latest information leads us to expect, the Americans will be able to sell their grain in immense quantities and at high prices. That is almost sure to lead to speculation in the great American cities, and a revival of speculation there always is followed more or less by Europe.

At a meeting of Baring Brothers & Co., Limited, on Wednesday, Mr. Francis Baring, who presided, stated that the Company had retained nearly the whole of the commercial credit business of the old firm. It was particularly satisfactory, he added, that their customers in the United States had continued their accounts almost without exception, and the chief foreign Governments had done the same. The statement has contributed to bring about the better feeling in the City.

The Board of Trade returns for June are again satisfactory, even allowing for one Sunday less than in June of last year. The value of the imports for the month shows an increase of nearly 4 millions, or almost 12 per cent.; the increase being largely in food, but largely also in raw materials. In the exports, on the other hand, there is a falling off of nearly one-half per cent. For the six months the value of the imports shows an increase of over 2½ per cent., largely in articles of food, especially grain; but largely also in cotton and other raw materials. The decrease in the exports for the six months is about 2½ per cent., the decrease being pretty general, but not being as serious as might have been expected, considering the grave crisis through which the country has been passing.

The state of the weather has interfered with hay-making. The crop is very much better than any one hoped a little while ago. The hay crop is thin, but clover and artificial grasses are very good. During the past month there has been a very great improvement in the grain crops all over Western Europe. At home there is the prospect now of an average crop, and even on the Continent the improvement is great. But it is to be hoped that we shall soon get drier and warmer weather, or there may be another unfavourable change. From Russia the reports are still conflicting, but the most recent leave little room for doubt that there will be a failure in some important districts and deficiency in others.

The changes in Stock Exchange quotations are not important this week, except in the case of sound investment stocks, which are all higher. Consols closed on Thursday evening at 96½, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday evening. Indian Three per Cent. stock closed at 96½, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Bank of England stock closed at 337, a rise of 2. Other high-class investment securities all advanced, and the investment demand has extended even to Home Railway stocks, the better of which are all decidedly higher. Thus London and North-Western Ordinary stock closed on Thursday evening at 174½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday evening of 2½. Midland closed at 154½, a rise of 1½. North-Eastern Consols closed at 156½, a rise of 1½; and there was the same advance in Caledonian Undivided, which closed on Thursday evening at 116½. Great Western closed at 158½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. There is very little change in the Deferred stocks, and investment does not seem to have extended to Preferred Ordinary stocks, where the stocks have been divided. Apparently investors do not look with favour upon the division of the Ordinary stocks. It used to be argued that a Preferred Ordinary stock entitled to a fixed dividend would become a favourite with investors, as they would know exactly how much they would receive at the end of each half-year; but as yet, at all events, the prediction has not proved true, for the Preferred Ordinary stocks are neglected, while the undivided stocks are rising. In the American market the purely speculative shares are very little dealt in; but there is an advance in the steady dividend-payers. Thus, New York Central shares closed on Thursday evening at 103½, a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday evening; and Lake Shore shares closed at 113½, a rise of 1½. In Argentine securities there has been little change. For the moment, at all events, the depreciation seems to be checked. But there is no attempt to push up prices. In Inter-Bourse securities there was a sharp fall early in the week in many cases, which has since been partly recovered. Portuguese, for example, closed on Thursday evening at 42½, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Two or three days earlier they were much lower. Spanish closed on Thursday evening at 72½, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Russian closed at 97½, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$.

SPORTS AND CONTESTS.

THE two cricket-matches between Gentlemen and Players which are wont to follow close upon the meeting of Oxford and Cambridge are interesting, amongst other reasons, from the fact that some of the best of the University men have a further opportunity of testing their qualities at the Oval and at Lord's. Thus in the Oval match, Messrs. Douglas, Jackson, McGregor, and Woods, all members of the Cambridge eleven, with Mr. E. Smith of Oxford, took part with Messrs. Grace and Ferris, Stoddart and O'Brien, W. W. Read and Dixon, in opposing what was, perhaps, the strongest eleven of Players which could be got together—Shrewsbury, Ulyett, Gunn, Abel, Barnes, Read, Peel, Lohmann, Briggs, Sharpe, and Hunter. The highest score of the twenty-two was made by the Oxford man (76), whilst W. W. Read, Stoddart, and Douglas all scored 30 or over. The rain on Friday spoiled a good match. At ten minutes to one on that day the Gentlemen had made 232 for seven wickets, against 165 compiled by the Players in their first innings. This is worth notice, because for nine years in succession the Gentlemen had failed to beat the Players in the Oval match, and it cannot under the circumstances be said that their victory this year was mainly due to the weather. A heavy downpour at the time just mentioned kept the field idle, and five thousand spectators extremely impatient, for close upon three hours. It seems to be a fact that there are no tarpaulins ready on the Surrey ground to protect the wicket from an exceptionally heavy shower. At any rate, none were used on Friday, and to this

defect one may probably attribute the speedy collapse of the match. After resuming play the Gentlemen scored another 46 runs for three wickets; and then the Players went in, and in less than two hours they were all out for 59—Ferris taking seven wickets for 28 runs.

At Lord's on Monday the Gentlemen substituted Messrs. Steel, Nepean, and Streetfield for Messrs. Dixon, Douglas, and Jackson; whilst the Players put in Attewell and Sherwin for Briggs and Hunter. Evidently this match might have been expected to be one of the most interesting of the season. The selection of the teams was almost beyond cavil; and, indeed, one always looks to this particular fixture for an opportunity of seeing English cricket at its very best, both in attack and in defence. Rain, however, was more fatal to the return match than it had been to the match at the Oval. It was half-past twelve on Wednesday morning before the Players had finished their first innings. They had scored 167, of which Shrewsbury, who carried his bat through, made 81. The Gentlemen had barely an hour and a half on a very poor wicket, and nobody had a chance of distinguishing himself. The game ended in a thunderstorm, with Steel and Streetfield at the wickets; and, on the whole, it must be said that the meetings of Gentlemen and Players have been thoroughly disappointing.

The Oxford and Cambridge tennis-matches were played at the Lord's Court last week. On June 29, Shelmerdine of Exeter played Miles of King's, both men being somewhat more than average players, and a well-contested struggle left Miles the winner. Later in the week, Hamilton of New and Gribble of Trinity reinforced the single representatives, and a still closer fight was waged, Shelmerdine making heroic efforts to save the match. Cambridge just won by three sets to two. In the amateur handicap at Prince's, Bridgman, receiving half-thirty, beat W. H. Cohen, scratch, and thus secured first honours.

The All England Lawn Tennis championships have been in dispute during the past fortnight, and the play in the Wimbledon courts has furnished plenty of entertainment for onlookers. The competition was regarded from the first as more open than usual, and the result proved that, whilst last year's single champion, W. J. Hamilton, stood out, and E. W. Lewis, F. Stoker, and Goodbody scratched at the last moment, there were still half a dozen players at least who were fully up to championship form. The entries for the single championship were over twenty in number, six of them being Irish. The best-known players were Ernest Renshaw, who was champion in 1888, W. and H. Baddeley, H. Chipp, Pim, Mahony, Barlow, Gore, and Grove. The play of these, and possibly of one or two others, was undoubtedly of a very high order, and the tournament shows no falling off from the level of the best previous meetings. The most successful men of the year have relied less upon forward play over the net than upon their steady back-line play, and perhaps less on the chances of the volley than upon smart and accurate placing. A good deal of the old reproach, or of the old shamefacedness, appears to be banished from what was stigmatized as "tricky" play, and it is more generally recognized that each man must be responsible for the whole of his court, and that any play is fair and legitimate which places the ball where it cannot easily be taken. In fact, the characteristic features in the play of W. Baddeley, who won the championship, were the ubiquity of his racket, largely owing to the wonderful rapidity of his movements, his almost equal facility in forward and back-handed strokes, and the fine judgment with which he placed his returns wherever his opponent did not happen to be ready for them. This was the more remarkable because Mr. Baddeley, probably the youngest of the competitors, is well below the average height of good lawn-tennis players.

The result was unquestionably a surprise. In the earlier rounds Chitty, H. Baddeley, Chaytor, Ivory, Barlow, and other formidable players were beaten off, leaving the semi-finals to be settled between Pim and Mahony, Renshaw and W. Baddeley. The Irishmen showed excellent sport, particularly in their first set; but Pim eventually won by eighteen games against six. Renshaw, doubtless a little to his own surprise, only secured two games out of the twenty which he had to play. On Saturday, Pim and Baddeley met to settle the question of the championship, their struggle being one of the hardest and closest of the week. It was decided, after four sets, in favour of the younger player by a total of twenty games to fifteen—Baddeley having, in the course of the competition, walked over against Stoker, and beaten Chipp, Ivory, Renshaw, and Pim. If the champion had the luck slightly in his favour throughout, yet it cannot be denied that he played with indomitable energy, and won fairly upon his merits.

THE WEATHER.

THE week that has just passed has brought with it a considerable change in the weather. Rain, in more or less quantity, has been reported from almost every station on most days during the week, and temperature has ranged decidedly lower than it did during the preceding period. We are, however, still unable to announce any material change in the look of the rain balance-sheet. England generally has no doubt received somewhat more than its normal amount of rain during the week, but the West of Scotland (Argyllshire and the Clyde area) still reports itself as in want of more than eight inches to make up its proper six months' supply. On Thursday, July 2, a small area of barometrical depression showed itself over the North-West of Ireland, and it passed out north-eastwards over Scotland without being accompanied by any serious increase of wind or heavy downfall of rain. The north-westerly winds which came in its rear brought down the temperature, and very few stations in these islands have recorded a maximum temperature of 70 degrees during the last few days. On the Continent also the intense heat reported last week had been much moderated, though, as we shall see later, high temperatures are beginning to reappear. On Friday thunderstorms began, as is usual with north-westerly winds, and at Cambridge 0.79 inch of rain was collected on Saturday morning. In London we, too, had a smart fall. It was on Sunday that the regular break-up of the weather set in. That morning another depression appeared nearly in the same situation as that of the previous Thursday; but, instead of passing off towards the Shetlands and Norway, this system, after crossing Scotland, has taken a turn southwards, and travelled down the North Sea, bringing with it violent thunderstorms and very heavy rain. This rain commenced on Sunday in the West of Ireland. By Monday morning the centre of the disturbance lay off the Firth of Forth, rain having been reported from all the northern Irish stations, and also in very great quantity from the shores of the Moray Firth. On Tuesday the system moved down the North Sea, but the rain in the North still continued, and Nairn—usually a dry station—collected more than 2.4 inches on the three first days of the current week. Heavy showers, with thunder, occurred in the South-East of England on Tuesday and Wednesday. London received about 0.3 inch of rain on Monday and Tuesday, and as much as 0.6 inch fell in Westminster during the thunderstorm of Wednesday afternoon, and the complaints from Tunbridge and Henley have been loud. Some houses in the northern part of London were struck by lightning on Wednesday, but no hail was reported here, though a heavy fall occurred in Essex. The latest news from the Continent, at least from the south and west, is that hot weather is again reappearing. At Lisbon the thermometer touched 93 degrees on Monday and 95 degrees on Tuesday, and at Perpignan the temperature has been above 85 degrees on the same two days. On Wednesday the temperature at Lisbon had fallen 22 degrees from the reading on Tuesday.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE dramatic satirist who founds his play upon some passing but lingering craze has a very special point in his favour. The success of Mr. Burnand's *Colonel* a few years ago was in a great measure due to the circumstance that he had produced a timely satire on the current absurdities which degraded the significance of the word æstheticism; and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who has always been apter to set fashions than to follow them, condescended to adopt the same theme in his *Patience*. At the present moment it chances that women are not betraying any marked mania for mannishness; and the farce of *Husband and Wife* has not, therefore, the advantage of shooting Folly as she flies. Messrs. F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall have written a very neat and entertaining little play; slight, no doubt, but with plot enough for its modest purpose; and, if there are no strongly marked absurdities at the moment to parody and expose, that is not to be laid to the charge of the playwrights. They have done well in avoiding the too familiar theme of three-act farce in general—the adroitness with which a husband conceals his delinquencies from his wife, aided by a married friend who shares the indiscretions. Messrs. Philips and Fendall have gone back to Bloomerism, without the costumes, and to somebody very like Mrs. Jellyby in *Bleak House*, who here figures as Mrs. Adolphus Greenthorne. Perhaps the authors a little overdo the picture of the servitude which Greenthorne consents, for a time, to endure. He not only feeds the baby, but is sternly required to hem dusters; and the low comedian pricking his legs and fingers with the unaccustomed needle is too obvious an idea to be very diverting.

One must not, however, take too exalted a view of the

mission of farce. If spectators can laugh without an uncomfortable sentiment that they are shaming their sense of rationality, that is enough; and there is here much very fair fun in the notion of "The Tiger-Lilies," the Association for the Amelioration of the Morals of Married Men, presided over by Mrs. Groenthorne, and served by "ferrets," whose pleasing duty it is to find out the peccadilloes of the members' husbands. This is all amusing enough, and it is in accordance with the eternal unfitness of things that the President's husband should be a conspicuous example of such mild impropriety as the occasion demands. He has flirted with a widow, Mrs. Springfield, has even represented himself as a bachelor, as a bachelor it is to be feared not disinclined to matrimony; and Mrs. Springfield, suspicious with good cause, tracks him to his lair, finds him searching for the baby's bottle—which is in his pocket all the time—feebly striving to revolt against the task of hemming the dusters. It is she, grown pitiful at the sight of his humiliation, who suggests the establishment of the rival Association, the Dandelions; and that both these floral corporations should meet in adjoining rooms of the same house is the sort of thing that inevitably happens to the personages of a farce. There is more fun than was forthcoming on the night of our visit to the play to be made out of the contiguity of these Associations, the husbands—with the volatile Mrs. Springfield as a guest—merrily supping on one side of the partition, the wives seriously debating on the other side; but the players, guided by the authors, are apparently on the right track; and the police raid, with the arrest of all concerned (except Mrs. Springfield, who "squares" the Inspector), on a charge of being found in a gambling-hell—the hell is the room overhead, but a foolish policeman has made a mistake—brings the second act to a brisk and effective end.

It is a weak point in the little play that here it is practically over. The prisoners' innocence of the charge against them is of course easily demonstrable, and there does not remain sufficient material to make an act. The dock, full of well-dressed people who interrupt the proceedings of the court, is a spectacle that might grow tedious; and here the authors are greatly indebted to the representative of the police magistrate, Sir George Muddle (Mr. Charles Brookfield), for a singularly fresh and finished study of character which reawakens interest. The more credit is due to the actor for the reason that he has to avoid reminiscences of a similar episode. In Mr. Gilbert's *Trial by Jury* the Judge betrayed all the weakness for the plaintiff which Sir George here exhibits towards Mrs. Springfield, in her capacity of witness—and charming woman. The magistrate has some excellent "lines," moreover. Several of his sententious speeches are extremely well-pointed sarcasms on weak points in the current administration of justice—with, of course, the necessary suggestion of farce—as, for example, his worship's warning to the prisoner that "anything you may say will be taken down in writing, and altered, and used against you at your trial." Mr. Brookfield is so grave that the point of the jokes is sometimes not seen by the bulk of the audience without a moment's reflection; but nothing is eventually missed. Mr. Giddens and Miss Lottie Venne play very good farce as the Greenhornes, and Mr. W. F. Hawtrej gives character to the part of another henpecked husband, Mr. Montrevor Smith. The little play is well worth seeing.

IN THE PLAYING-FIELDS.

IN the match between Eton and Winchester the prophets approved themselves better men than they had done in the match between Oxford and Cambridge. It was not to be expected that the star which rules the destinies of cricket (and which must surely be one of the Hyades) would provide us with two such delectable matches in one week. Nevertheless, there was a moment on Saturday evening in the Playing Fields at Eton that gave promise of an exciting close. That Winchester must win was as certain as anything can be in this uncertain game. The two days' play, so far as it had gone, had proved their superiority all round. But the question was whether the envious hand of time might not be too strong for them; and a match against time can be as exciting as the heart of cricketing man need desire, which nobody can deny who saw Mr. O'Brien win the immortal match for Middlesex against Yorkshire at Lord's two seasons ago. Winchester only wanted 97 for victory, but there was only an hour and three-quarters to make them in—quick scoring for boys with their school's credit in their hands. Moreover, an agreement had been signed between the two captains that, whatever the condition of the game, the stumps should be drawn at six to the minute, that there might be no

repetition of the trouble which arose a few years ago on this score. The first wicket fell at 20, and it was clear that the runs must be made faster if they were to be made at all. Then Micklem (who had played well in the first innings, but who, from his name, should have played on the other side) joined Case (also a noticeable name in the cricket-field), and the bowling was mastered. True, it was not much to master, but the fielding was smart and close, and the Etonians were doing all they knew. But Case and Micklem played with singular coolness and freedom. Every ball was hit that should have been, and well hit, and there was no rashness. The score had reached 70 when Micklem was bowled, having made 23 in capital style. The Winchester captain, C. Wigram, then came in, made 11 in three lusty blows, and went out to an excellent catch in the long-field by Brewis. The game was as good as won now; but two more wickets were to fall before it was won. Jackson, who had hit bravely in the first innings, was bowled; and then, with the score at 93, and something less than ten minutes remaining, Case's really fine innings came to a close, caught and bowled for 37, perhaps the best batting shown in the match. The next man came in, hit a ball for four, and within six minutes of time Winchester had won a pretty game by five wickets.

The winners were undoubtedly the best side, and may be placed high above the average of school elevens. Nor were they playing their full strength; for their best bowler, Mason, had to be put on the sick-list the very day before the match, and Leveson-Gower, said to be their best bat, was disabled in his right hand. But Morres, who took Mason's place, proved no inefficient substitute, with six wickets and three catches to his credit. The Winchester tradition of good fielding suffered no loss. Micklem at point and Morres at slip were particularly smart, and there was one in the long-field (we believe him to have been Jackson, but if it was not, we hereby ask pardon of somebody) who had as quick a pair of legs and as safe a pair of hands as a boy need show. As for the wicket-keeper, his name might have been McGregor, but was Lewis. The Eton wicket-keeping was no bad thing—very far from it—but this was wonderful. Eton's best point was in the field, and one is always pleased to be able to say that of young players. But their bowling and batting were, taken all round, somewhat weak. Arkwright played two dashing innings of 59 and 44, but the best batting on the Eton side was Hoare's second innings. He might have saved the game, had he not foolishly run himself out at 56, after showing really good hitting and defence. Hoare, too, may be given the palm for bowling, but it can be no luxuriant leaf. Eton had one bowler, Forbes, said to be the fastest ever seen in a school eleven. He may be so, though we should be inclined to put Lang, the Harrovian hero of thirty years since, and perhaps his Etonian namesake, Walter Forbes, of a later date, at least equal with him. But his action is not in his favour, being somewhat too wild and whirling to suggest perfect command over the ball. He may be said, indeed, to have Mr. Woods's madness without his method. The Winchester fast bowler, C. Wigram, was better; but, on the whole, we should put Morres first among the bowlers.

About a generation ago, when Eton was always beating Winchester, it was surmised by some cricketing *dilettante* that these perpetual defeats were due to the schools no longer playing at Lord's, as they once did. No reason was given for this faith, and, whatever it may then have been, it clearly cannot hold good now. For our own part, we most heartily wish that all the school matches were played, as Eton and Winchester play, alternately on their own grounds. In point of fact, Eton and Harrow and Rugby and Marlborough are the only schools who now exhibit their strength, or their weakness, at Lord's. We wish there were none. We believe it would be much better for the boys that they should abstain from these gladiatorial combats in the public arena till their heads, hearts, and hands had grown somewhat stronger. For that huge, overgrown picnic known as the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's we frankly own a cordial and inveterate dislike. We believe that many a boy's cricket has been spoiled by it—nor his cricket only. Many a young head may be fatally turned by success there, and many a young heart fatally damped by failure. This objection—and we do not think it a fanciful one—would not hold good when the lad's foot is, as one may say, on his native turf, and his performance, for good or ill, held before the eyes of his own schoolfellows, relatives, and friends. There is something much more genuine, and surely more wholesome, about school-cricket played in this fashion. That at least no one, we think, will gainsay who was present in those beautiful Eton Playing-Fields on last Saturday afternoon, when the rain passed, and the sun shone, and the stately trees rustled in the summer breeze, as though in generous welcome of their victorious guests. No one surely would then have wished to echo Eton's poet, and "tell them they were men"—men to go down into

those terrible lists at Lord's, and perform before the eyes of thousands, who, after all, are, for the most part (if the boys would only believe it), far more curious about their frocks, their friends, their complexions, and their luncheons, than about the cricket.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE last three Richter Concerts have drawn unusually large audiences. At that on the 22nd ultimo Cornelius's Overture to the *Barbier von Bagdad* was repeated, and M. Paderewski made his first appearance at these concerts, playing his own Concerto in A minor, a work which has been more than once heard, though it has never created so favourable an impression as upon this occasion. Not only was this because of the pianist's own performance, which was singularly fine throughout, but a large share of the success was owing to the admirable way in which the orchestral accompaniments were played under Dr. Richter. The rest of the programme was devoted entirely to selections from Wagner, the most interesting of which was the opening scene of *Das Rheingold*, in which the parts of the Rhine-Daughters were taken by Miss Alice Esty, Mrs. Henschel, and Miss Marie Groebel, and that of Alberich by Mr. Henschel. Although the scene suffers immensely by being performed in a concert-room, the extraordinarily dramatic declamation of Mr. Henschel saved it from monotony, and it proved far more effective than might have been expected. At the following Monday's Concert Dr. Richter brought forward a new Symphony by Anton Bruckner—a composer who, though nearly seventy years of age, has recently attained a certain amount of fame—principally, it seems, owing to his devotion to the theories of Richard Wagner, of whom he is one of the most prominent disciples. The paragraph in the Analysis of the new work requesting the audience to listen to it “with patience and forbearance” did not sound very promising, especially on one of the hottest nights of the year; and, as far as can be judged by the result, the Symphony is not likely to create here the “extraordinary ebullition of enthusiasm” which it is said to have given rise to in Vienna. At a first hearing, while recognizing the earnestness and profundity of the work, the whole impression it created was anything but favourable. The subjects upon which it is constructed are full of plagiarisms, chiefly from Wagner and Beethoven, and the whole work is laboured and utterly wanting in spontaneity and charm. Herr Bruckner is Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint at the Vienna Conservatorium, and he has obviously felt compelled to show that, though he is a disciple of Wagner, he is also a past-master in the severe studies of earlier schools. His Symphony positively bristles with contrapuntal devices, sometimes with results which, as in the last movement, where he accompanies a Chorale by a Ballet tune, are decidedly incongruous, and occasionally unpleasantly cacophonous. Dr. Richter is a popular favourite in London, and has done good service to English art by introducing English music and pianists to Viennese audiences. We must not, therefore, complain that the greater part of an evening was devoted to the performance of the latest novelty of the Austrian capital; but at the same time it cannot be denied that Bruckner is not likely to eclipse Brahms, and that a Symphony by the latter would have been more welcome as a tribute to Viennese music. The rest of the concert included Haydn's charming “Clock” Symphony, the Vorspiel and Finale from *Tristan und Isolde*, and vocal numbers from *Tannhäuser* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, which were finely declaimed by Mme. Nordica. Last Monday a new American soprano, Mlle. Clementine de Vere, made her first appearance in London, singing an air from Dvořák's “St. Ludmila,” and “Gli Angui d' Inferno” from Mozart's *Flauto Magico*. The upper and lower registers of her voice are very good, but between the two is a very distinct break, which is a serious drawback to her performances. She sang with intelligence and expression, but her voice is wanting in sympathy, and her execution is at present deficient. The programme also included Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Cherubini's Overture to *Medea*, both of which were finely played. Herr Max Heinrich was heard in a scene from act ii. of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, in which the worn quality of his voice and his affected over-emphasis of declamation were less conspicuous than in Sachs's “Address to Walther” (from act iii. of *Die Meistersinger*), which was given later in the programme.

The last Philharmonic Concert this season, which took place on the afternoon of the 27th ult., was devoted to the performance of familiar works. The programme opened with Grieg's “Im Herbst” Overture, and included Beethoven's Violin Concerto and Eighth Symphony, Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto in E minor, and an air from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, sung by Mr. Barton McGuckin.

As usual, the concert was much too long, and most of the audience must have been tired by the time the Symphony was begun. M. Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, gave a fine performance of the solo part in the Violin Concerto, and Mme. de Pachmann was heard to advantage in Chopin's Concerto. The latter was performed in its original form, though the work has been re-scored by Tausig—a proceeding which was almost justifiable, as Chopin's orchestration is very unsatisfactory. It would be interesting to have an opportunity of comparing the effect of the two versions. Beethoven's Symphony, though coming too late in the programme, was very welcome, for it is too seldom heard in London.

With three exceptions, the pianoforte recitals of the last three weeks have been given entirely by Polish artists. First among them comes M. Paderewski, whose popularity is now so firmly established that the announcement of his appearance is certain to attract a large audience. At his second Recital, which took place on the 23rd ult., he was hardly at his best during the earlier portion of the programme. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, was played very quietly; and the group of four of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, though the last of them—the popular “Spinnerlied”—was, of course, encored, did not seem to suit him any more than Schumann's “Papillons,” which came next in the programme. But the five pieces by Chopin, and his own “Chant du Voyageur,” Cracovienne, and Minuet showed him once more to the greatest advantage, the Study in E flat (Op. 25, No. 9), in particular, being played so charmingly as to elicit an encore. At his third Recital, last Tuesday, M. Paderewski was in better form, and played Beethoven's “Sonata Appassionata” with the finest feeling and beauty of execution. He was less satisfactory in Schumann's “Carnival,” but Schubert's Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3, Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53, and shorter pieces by Cowen, Graham P. Moore, Liszt, Sgambati, Leschetitzky, and the concert-giver, made up a most interesting programme. On the afternoon of the 26th M. Joseph Wieniawski, assisted by MM. Paderewski and Hollman, gave a Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall. The programme was somewhat unwisely selected entirely from M. Wieniawski's own compositions, so that it was impossible to judge of his capacity as a performer of different styles of music. The result of the concert was not altogether successful, for neither the music nor the performance was very remarkable. The most ambitious number in the programme was a Sonata for Piano and Violoncello; but it proved to be diffuse and uninteresting. More taking were a pretty Berceuse and a good Mazourka-Reverie, while parts of the Fantaisie for two pianos, in which the concert-giver was joined by M. Paderewski, were decidedly effective. M. Wieniawski has considerable executive ability, but his style is jerky and wanting in distinction. More satisfactory in most respects was the Recital at Princes' Hall last Wednesday given by M. Stojowski, four of whose own compositions proved the most successful numbers of the programme. His playing of selections by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and Liszt left something to be desired, both as regards touch, which was apt to be hard and loud, and accuracy; but in four pieces by Chopin he showed decided talent, and his own Prelude, Legende, Mazurka, and Serenade were excellently played. The first and the last were especially good, and the graceful Serenade, written somewhat in the style of Moszkowski, proved so much to the taste of the audience that it had to be repeated. Herr Schönberger's Recital on the afternoon of the 25th ult. did not reveal any improvement or change in his playing, which is familiar to most amateurs. His execution is admirable, but his tone is hard and wanting in feeling. The programme was for the most part judiciously selected. It contained no composition of Chopin's, though the study in C minor was introduced for an encore. Haydn's Scherzo and “Perpetuum Mobile” were welcome, and had almost the character of novelties, and a Fantasia of Liszt's on airs by Weber was also unfamiliar.

Last Wednesday another new pianist, Signor Michael Esposito, gave a recital at Princes' Hall, at which he introduced a well-written Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, and a charming Berceuse of his own composition, besides playing Schumann's “Etudes Symphoniques” (in the earlier version), Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111, and other pieces, including a delightful gigue of Scarlatti's which was quite unfamiliar. Signor Esposito's playing is thoroughly artistic and good, though his touch is at times rather hard. He was at his best in Chopin's Study in C minor, Op. 25, a difficult work which is very seldom heard.

On the evening of the 29th ult. a concert of Danish music was given by Mlle. Otta Brony at Princes' Hall. The instrumental selections included a pretty Serenade for Piano and Strings, which was well played by Herr Willy Woltmann, Mr. Leo Stern, and Mlle. Jeanne Douste. Other instrumental numbers by Gade and Schytte were given, and Mlle. Brony sang songs by Dupop, Grandjean, Beckgaard, Gade, and Heise, with considerable execution. Two settings of songs from Molière's plays by the second-named com-

poser proved pretty and graceful, though more French than Scandinavian in style. Miss Louise Phillips introduced songs by Heise, Malling, and Lange Müller, the first of which seemed very interesting, though their effect was spoiled by the noise made by a piano-organ in Jermyn Street, which played the "Bogie Man" and other popular airs with such penetrating brilliancy as to seriously interfere with the artist's admirable singing. The programme also included songs by Mr. Barton McGuckin, and recitations in English and Danish by Mme. Nissen, a lady with remarkable linguistic talents.

Want of space will not permit us to do more than chronicle Signor Franceschetti's Historical Concert at Lady Goldsmid's on Monday, the 22nd ult., at which several interesting early Italian songs were introduced; the concert given by the Welsh Ladies' Choir on the 25th, when the beautiful tone of the Cambrian singers created general admiration; the last of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's delightful vocal recitals, which took place on the 3rd; Mlle. Gwynedd Vallings's concert at Portman Rooms on the 6th; and Mme. de Pachmann's Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall on the 7th.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE theatrical season closed this week considerably earlier than usual. It was neither a very successful nor a particularly interesting one. Doubtless the severity and length of the winter, with its depressing fogs, slippery streets, keen east winds, epidemic, and general discomfort, influenced unfavourably the theatres, for people under such unpleasant circumstances naturally preferred their "ain firesides" to the draughts of the playhouses. When at last the weather improved the London social season was too far advanced for people to find time for the theatre—except on what are known as "off nights." Another proof, if one were needed, that the theatrical season in London is no longer the summer, but from October to May.

At the Lyceum Mr. Irving with his well-known tact—a tact so great that it amounts to genius—followed *Ravenswood* by a series of revivals, the first of which was *Much Ado About Nothing*, a veritable dream of Italian Renaissance beauty, through which sported a matchless Benedick and an unsurpassable Beatrice. The brilliant Shakespearian comedy was followed by *The Lyons Mail*, then the pathetic Vicar of Wakefield made us weep over the griefs of the too trusting *Olivia*. Charles I. and Henrietta Maria were next called, as it seemed, to life again, to enlist our sympathy for the Royal cause and harden our hearts to all the pleadings of democratic historians in favour of Cromwell and the Puritans. Presently *The Bells* were heard tinkling over the snow, and the burgomaster's remorse was depicted by Mr. Irving in all its intellectual horror. Lastly, and not least, *The Corsican Brothers* were summoned forth by the Wizard of the Lyceum from oblivion, and the finest modern ghost play in existence thrilled the spectators, and will haunt their memory for years to come. With unrivalled grace Miss Ellen Terry, too, gave fresh life and interest to a rather weak *lever de rideau*, *Nance Oldfield*, which in less skilful hands would have been stale and unprofitable. Next week six performances of *Ravenswood* will close a season which has been prosperous and interesting.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree closed his season a fortnight since. An attempt to revive *The Village Priest* was not happy, and *Called Back* was soon substituted for it; but the crowd flocked not to the Haymarket, and Mr. Tree waxed anxious. He had promised us a series of "literary" Monday evenings, but even *Beau Austin*, which was produced at one of these, and seemed to "catch on," met with only ephemeral success. At last came the trump card, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's odd play, *The Dancing Girl*, took the town by storm, and crowded the theatre night after night. Mr. Tree played the Duke of Guiseberry in his best manner. Mr. Fernandez was the outraged Quaker father, and Mr. Fred Terry acted the part of an ardent lover with that charm which is peculiar to all the Terry family. Miss Julia Neilson was a beautiful dancing girl who was never seen to dance, and Miss Norreys was charming as an agent's daughter who treats her father's employer as if she were his Grace's elder sister. To make this sort of character appear natural needs no inconsiderable tact. Fortunately, Miss Norreys possesses it. Mr. Tree promises nothing definite for next season, but there are rumours of *Hamlet* and of a classical play by a new author.

No better all-round acting can be seen in London than at the St. James's, where Mr. Alexander has been playing Mr. Haddon Chambers's *Idler* with unabating success. Its popularity has been mainly due rather to the excellence of its performance than to any striking literary merit of its own. Surrounded by a capital troupe, Mr. Alexander has rapidly won an enviable position among London actor-managers. He has the gifted Miss Marion Terry as his "leading lady," and Miss Maud Millett by way of

ingénue, besides a host of other favourite actors and actresses, whose combined talents have in no little measure contributed to make their chief's somewhat sudden reputation.

The season at the Garrick has not been as brilliant as Mr. Hare's numerous friends could have wished. Mr. Pinero's play, *Lady Bountiful*, although well written, had a not particularly dramatic plot, and so did not eclipse the fame of *The Pair of Spectacles*, Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *Les Petits Oiseaux*, which had to be revived at the end of the season. Mr. Hare reopens his theatre in September next with Robertson's favourite comedy, *School*, in which, by the way, Mr. Henry Irving, jun., will make his first appearance on the professional stage.

Mr. Wilson Barrett fared none too well at the New Olympic. His first venture—a new play by himself and Mr. Hall Caine—was not at all successful. Then he fell back on old favourites, and revived *The Silver King*, *Hamlet*, *The Lights of London*, and other pieces which made him popular in olden times at the Princess's. One new play—*Father Buonaparte*—produced here was fairly successful, and exhibited promise of future excellence.

Mr. Norman Forbes's tenancy at the Globe was not fortunate. *All the Comforts of Home*, preceded by a poor version of *Gringoire*, indifferently acted, did not "draw," and a revival of *The Parvenu*, very cleverly played by Mr. Harry Paulton, did not attract; so, after a short but unfortunate run of *The Bookmaker*, the Globe put up its shutters, to reopen on the 20th of this month with Miss Grace Hawthorne in Sardou's barbaric play of *Theodora*. She will also appear as the Empress Josephine in a new drama by G. W. Wills entitled *A Royal Divorce*. Why Royal? It surely ought to be Imperial.

The Savoy reopened this season with the lively *Gondoliers*, and they attained the ripe old age of 356 nights, and yielded only last week to a new opera by Messrs. Dance and Solomon—*The Nautch Girl*—which the theatre-going world is even now flocking to admire.

The Cabinet Minister opened the Court Theatre early in the season, and when its popularity waned a piece called *The Volcano* replaced it, and failed. But success beamed once more upon the pretty house in Sloane Square with *Feu Toupinel*, a play Anglicized by Mr. F. Horner as *The Late Lamented*. It has brought popular Mrs. John Wood so much good fortune that neither she nor her company will have a holiday this summer, but remain at their posts until the autumn.

Jane, at the Comedy, has had a merry time, and all the world and his wife have laughed over this slightly risky, but very cheerful, piece. This week *Husbands and Wives*, with a new act added, has met with a full measure of favour, and is likely to career with unabated applause. Everybody must and will go to see Mr. C. Brookfield as the magistrate. His make-up alone is worth the while.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's clever *Private Inquiry* was but a failure at the Strand Theatre. Nor can it be said of *Turned Up* that it met with a much better fate. Indeed, Mr. Willie Edouin must frequently have longed for a successor to *Our Flat*; but good fortune came not, even with the tardy advent of that popular lady Miss Alice Atherton as Katti.

The School for Scandal was Mr. Charles Wyndham's principal novelty at the Criterion. Mrs. Bernard Beere did not convince even her most ardent admirers that she could either look or play Lady Teazle. The Charles Surface of Mr. Wyndham was admirable; but of the Joseph the least said the better. Miss Mary Moore was an interesting Maria; but Miss A. M. Victor, somehow or other, missed her mark as Mrs. Candour. Sheridan's great comedy had at last to be withdrawn, and after a brief spell of excellent funning in a variety of selections from his repertoire, Mr. Wyndham fell back on *David Garrick*, which is still in the height of its apparently evergreen popularity.

The English Rose, at the Adelphi, had enduring charms for that essentially "pit and gallery" house, and was only succeeded, after a "prodigious run," quite recently, by a revival of Dion Boucicault's *The Streets of London*, which brought the Messrs. Gatti's season to a close last Saturday night.

Formosa did not suit the taste of the frequenters of Drury Lane; but, thanks to Mr. Charles Warner's powerful acting in that gruesome drama *Drink*, this still draws enormous audiences. In August a new nautical drama will be given here, with Mr. C. Warner as a heroic and long-suffering sailor.

Antony and Cleopatra, placed upon the stage of the Princess's with splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses, obtained for Mrs. Langtry, an admirable and beautiful representative of "The Serpent of the Nile," a full measure of applause; but when the town had seen and wearied of the glory of it, Mrs. Langtry's good luck abandoned her, and *Lady Barter* collapsed; only to yield the palm as a dire failure to a hopeless melodrama entitled *Linda Grey*, which succeeded in prematurely closing the theatre.

Everybody was sorry for Mrs. Langtry; but, then, why select such impossible plays?

At the Vaudeville *Woodbarrow Farm*, by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, proved that the author of *Three Men in a Boat* is not a first-class dramatist. *Dorothy Dene*, after a run of a single week, gave place to an unfortunate revival of *Money*, and then came a revival of Buchanan's *Miss Tomboy*, which did not improve our opinion of its stagey comedy. Finally, we had a week or so of Ibsen's uncomfortable drama *Hedda Gabler*, which brought the season to a rather sudden end three weeks ago. This house will re-open in September with a society drama by Mr. Haddon Chambers.

Ill luck befell the American actor Mr. Lee's management of the Avenue. Nobody cared for an elaborate version of *Monte Cristo*, and, although a remarkably clever piece, *The Henrietta*, by Mr. Bronson Howard, did not draw here as well as it did in New York; as we predicted, it was found to be altogether too American for London. Nor have the fortunes of the Shaftesbury been of the brightest. Miss Wallis, a cultured and intelligent actress, if ever there was one, was ill advised to make her *début* in such a piece as Mr. Buchanan's *Sixth Commandment*. *The Pharisee*, in many ways a remarkable piece, failed because just then there were two pieces of the same class, *The Idler* and *The Dancing Girl*, attracting the public which cares for modern society dramas—another instance of the folly of the policy of "following suit." Mr. Herbert Basing's management, which succeeded Miss Wallis's, has not been particularly flourishing either. *Handfast*, a fairly good play, did not meet with the luck it deserved.

Mr. Toole returned to us recently from Australia rejuvenated, and played for a short but cordially successful season at his little home-like theatre in King William Street, where a revival or so of some of his old favourites proved most attractive. He moreover burlesqued Ibsen, and parodied *L'Enfant Prodigue*. When all Mr. Toole's friends—and who is not his friend?—wanted to see more of Mr. Toole, he "closed" and departed on his annual triumphal tour of the provinces.

Mr. Horace Sedger was wisely advised to bring out *La Cigale* with an excellent troupe, pretty scenery, and splendid costumes. No such good luck attended *Maid Marion* at the Prince of Wales's, under the same management; but when, after a run of a few weeks, it was succeeded by the clever pantomime of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, Mr. Sedger had every reason to be satisfied. This charming play without words has drawn better than half the other speaking pieces produced this season put together. Imitations of it, however, have one and all been failures.

The popularity of *Carmen* up to *Data* was such that it seems to have eclipsed even that of *Little Don Juan* and *Frankenstein*. Revised editions of it succeeded each other until quite lately when the operetta had to be withdrawn on account of previous arrangements. The same pleasant adventures befell *Joan of Arc* at the Comique.

Mr. Terry's Theatre in the Strand, which is known by his name opened with *Sweet Lavender*, one of Mr. Pinero's most charming comedies. After many weeks, when the theatre-going world was exhausted, for the play had done duty all last year, *The Rocket* was substituted, and was rapidly succeeded by several other comedies, which, for all Mr. Terry's capital acting, did not attract, and the theatre was closed much earlier than usual. The summer season here, with Mr. Brandon Thomas and a capital company, in three delightful little plays, is, we are happy to say, most prosperous.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

IT used to be said that the English tourist was unsociable, and our caricaturists and humourists freely admitted the impeachment. We remember many a picture in *Punch* in which really genial but apparently saturnine Englishmen were glaring at each other across a Continental breakfast-table from behind their native news-sheets. As matter of fact, we were grossly misrepresented. Messrs. Cook have shown that the English Innocents abroad are the most gregarious and easy-going of all nations. They accept an autocratic chief or a dragoman, and take the word of command from him, falling into line and obeying orders with the docility of highly-disciplined soldiers, and executing their movements through museums and galleries with a precision and promptitude beyond all praise. They merge their individualities in common interests, which are dictated by a programme that has been arranged for instruction rather than amusement. At last they come home in the happy consciousness of the severe round of duties punctiliously discharged. They have done all that was to be done by rigid economy of time and exertion. Under the dictatorship of their guide there

have been few causes of disagreement; for we believe they are billeted in their respective night quarters without appeal; and in the languor which accompanies sustained exertions, though they may be garrulous while waiting for meals, they have scarcely had the energy to quarrel. We used to cherish a prejudice against Cook's excursionists when it was the fashion to regard them with a certain contempt; yet, if one wants to knock off the more accessible wonders of the world in short holidays, we are not sure that they were not wiser than exclusives and aristocrats.

The sybarite touring alone, or even in congenial company, becomes the bond-slave of his constitutional laziness and of his wayward fancies. He rises later than he goes to bed, he does nothing in particular, he persistently neglects opportunities for self-culture, and one objectless day much resembles every other. Even from the lowest and most egotistical point of view, that is evidently a mistake; for the *ennui* that is bred of indolence is the most intolerable of chronic maladies. "Cook it" like a man for a month or so, and we believe you would at once experience all the life-reviving properties of the most invigorating tonic. You have everything in your favour in the eternal war you must wage with the world, the flesh, and the devil. You are roused at unholy hours to catch an abnormal train, under penalty of falling out of the swift race against time, and forfeiting the money paid in advance. You may grumble at your food, but you dare not remonstrate with the hotel folk unless you use the dragoman of the excursion as your mouthpiece, and he, as you are persuaded, has an understanding with the enemy. And you may practise self-discipline and self-mortification to an indefinite extent by enduring the probable vulgarity of your neighbours at table, or consenting to be bored by vapid commonplaces, and cultivating smiling hypocrisy as a Christian virtue.

But, after all, in a democratic Continental trip there are constant compensations to be set against the drawbacks. You are whirled through a succession of scenes and sights, pregnant with associations if you have time to recall them. There are those sea-banks of the half-submerged Holland that saved its liberties when it swamped the Spaniards; the belfries of Belgium, with the sonorous chimes that roused the Guilds of the commons to the defence of their rights; the cathedrals and convents of the castled Rhine, with their legends sacred and secular, where the Church and the Free Cities were at feud with the robber chivalry; there are the vineyards, of jovial and immortal memory, that filled the cellars of cloister and castle, and the latter-day bear-gardens and music-halls, and the tobaccosnists where you must pick and choose among cigars more or less rancid and poisonous. In short, there are always distractions of one kind or another; and we can conceive a man being hustled along agreeably enough in the sure and certain hope of a satisfactory deliverance with a credit in his favour on the intellectual balance-sheet.

But we confess we are more puzzled as to the growing popularity of "cruises." The last thing in the way we have seen advertised is a trip on the Thames from "Skindles" at Maidenhead to Henley. It includes the luxury of a steam-launch, with luncheon, and railway carriages are thrown in somewhere, and the price is a guinea. The charge seems somewhat high; but in the abstract, as a Scotchman would say, it may not be excessive. For you have the inestimable privilege of remaining a free agent, and if by any improbable chance you don't feel at home in your company, you have only to give them the slip and go ashore at the next lock. With the prolonged sea-cruise, it is all the other way. You steam forth from the London or Victoria Docks, as per advertisement, for Palestine of the sacred shrines and the pilgrimages, or for the Land of the Midnight Sun. You pay your money, and you cut your cables for a month or a quarter of a year, more or less. Personally, we agree with Dr. Johnson as to the horrors of life on board ship. Unless you have the stomach of an ostrich or the digestion of a bull-elephant, you are sure to be sometimes off your feed, and frequently squeamish. Squeamishness is certain to breed irritation, and it is still more certain that promiscuous companionship under these conditions will ruffle your susceptibilities up the wrong way. In the old duelling days you would have shot, or been shot; now you must be content to sulk, to swear *sotto voce*, and to sneer, and in short to degrade yourself from day to day in your own estimation. Then there is the abominable sense of being fettered, with the alternative disagreeable feeling of having been done. Suppose an unendurable paroxysm of boredom, an almost irresistible *accès* of antipathies, seizing you at the North Cape. You cannot make a bolt of it, like the discontented and desperate mariner, who leaves kit and sea-chest and even arrears of wages behind him at some foreign port, knowing that at least he can find another berth in under-manned vessels in the offing. You have to stick by the fellow-shareholders in your reckless co-operative speculation, sup-

press your stifled groans, and gulp down your unuttered execrations. Yet we know nothing more exasperatingly trying than being civil against the grain, when prejudices that may possibly be unreasonable are growing, and all ordinary topics of conversation are exhausted. One fjord or headland, however sombre or sublime, is uncommonly like another, and you revolt against continually hearing the changes rung on such epithets as "grand," "romantic," or "beautiful," when they are simple tributes to conventionalities—the debased copper currency of small talk.

But it really comes to this, that adventure and imagination have had their day; that there are no more Odysseys or voyages to the Inferno to be written, and that the Dantes and Marco Polos are permanently laid to rest beneath the ponderous slabs of commemorative marble. The critics of travels will insist upon verifying statements, and even on the testimony of witnesses apparently credible they will believe neither in the Sirens nor in the great sea serpent. Even when the early explorer very naturally launches out in lies about the highlands of New Guinea, he is brought to book at once by comparing the reports of distances and altitudes with the time records of his daily marches. Were we to try a series of daring ascents among the loftiest peaks and least-trodden passes of the Himalayas, we should be checked off by letters to the journals from pundits who had gone stumbling along the "Roof of the World" with theodolites concealed about their persons, or from sportsmen who had pursued the ibex and the Ovis Ammon everywhere between the snow-capped mountains of Ladakh and the storm-beaten plateaux of Tibet, to the watershed that divides Hindustan from China. Even much nearer home the popularization of touring makes it daily more prosaic. International lines of railway have superseded the lumbering old diligences, with their many days on end of dusty journeying, and all their opportunities for incident and social adventure. The Alps have been tunnelled below the avalanche and the hospice, and parties of Cockney pleasure-seekers are to be elevated by lift to the heights that were once sacred to the ländler and the chamois. The very pedestrian who slings his knapsack is being run off the road by the temptation of a cheap third-class ticket, and the opening of the bit of railway from Wisp to Zermatt seems likely to deal another and a deadly blow to any lingering romance still associating itself with Swiss exploration.

REVIEWS.

WORKS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

WE have more than once chronicled or briefly noticed the appearance of particular volumes of this neat, uniform, and handy edition of the works of, perhaps, the most accomplished man of letters whom America has produced. We use the term advisedly and critically. Mr. Longfellow ran Mr. Lowell hard in knowledge of books, and surpassed him both in prose and verse fiction; but he was his inferior in humour, and scarcely a critic at all. Poe rose miles above Longfellow in poetry at his best, and, strange to say, he was a critic at his hours; but he was lacking in scholarship, and his fun, when it was not dreadful in one sense, was dreadful in the other, with a dreadfulness only approached by Milton and Landor when they, too, tried to be funny. No other American writer of his own generation, and certainly none of the generation which has succeeded him, has approached the author of *From my Study Windows* and the *Biglow Papers* in joint excellence of serious and comic verse and prose in divers kinds, all showing a strong original power, and yet all informed by a thorough knowledge and a sane judgment of the best that has been written and thought by others. There are, of course, considerable tracts of country, so to speak, into which we could not follow Mr. Lowell without "agreeing to have a battle"—a battle royal, a *polem aspond*, as the Limousin scholar might have said. His political ideals are practically impossible to any Englishman of anything like his combined knowledge and critical power. On that eternal point which troubles Englishmen so little, and (despite their protestations to the contrary) still seems to trouble Americans so much—the attitude of the one towards the other—Mr. Lowell, we confess, both in the famous essay on a "Certain Condescension," and elsewhere, seems to us somewhat to bely the main tenor of his language and attitude, by the undertone of the one and the occasional twitches of the other, and to manifest a smothered resentment, a repressed uneasiness, which are strange, and we fear we must say rather amusing. On general points, even of literature, we sometimes find odd lapses, strange gaps, sudden shortcomings of taste, which surprise us. But, on the whole, there is no writer of New England with whom, in that general freemasonry of letters which unites all the nations of the earth, an Englishman tinctured with

literature feels more at home than with Mr. Lowell. There are, we fear, moments when Mr. Lowell himself would like to smite us under the fifth rib for saying this very thing; but that is his dark hour. Even then we should not be afraid of him, for we have that and other vulnerable regions clothed with triple mail of innocence, and goodwill, and love for letters.

Mr. Lowell is eminent both as a serious and as a comic verse-writer, as a literary critic, and as a writer of miscellaneous prose; but we think the world is quite right in ranking his work in the second and third of these capacities above the rest. He has written much excellent serious verse, though he would have done himself more justice if he had weeded it severely in this definitive edition. He has, especially in his latest work, attained a certain sureness and "marmoresqueness," if we may risk a word where no word exists, of touch which is excessively rare in his countrymen and not too common with ours, a touch which only comes with long study of the best models and with long and careful practice in composition. But his serious verse is a little lacking in the spontaneous and in the striking. When the Adversary calls it wooden, the Adversary is, according to his wont, unjust, but, also according to his wont, not wholly off the spot. So, too, Mr. Lowell's miscellaneous prose-writing, political and other, seems to fall short of his literary essays, but for another reason. The heart is not in it, as it is in the others. On the other hand, the comic verse and the literary prose seem to us worthy of exceedingly high praise. It is, or was recently, fashionable to say that the *Biglow Papers* have been over-praised, that they owed half their charm to the unholy attraction of ugliness exercised by their hideous dialect, and so forth. Now we are, as Scott says somewhere, "Mr. Other-side-on-the-subject," politically. We perceive keenly enough the flagrant inconsistency of the two parts of the book, the first being a fervid denunciation of the wickedness of war as war when the war was carried on as the poet thought for slavery, and the other a Peter-the-Hermit preaching of the holiness of war as war when the war was carried on, as the poet thought, against slavery. We admit, as all good critics must, that there are gross inequalities, considerable *longueurs*, and so forth. But still we know very few writers in any language who have done as good political verse as Mr. Lowell, and fewer still who have done better. As for the literary part of the matter, the well-known introduction to the second part of the *Biglow Papers* in their collected edition, though marred by some of the contentious matter above glanced at, is in its dealing with the history of English and American vocabulary one of the most amusing and literary pieces of learned writing, one of the most learned pieces of amusing literature that we know. In most, too, of Mr. Lowell's more considerable literary essays we experience the to us refreshing sensation that the writing is that of a man who knows what he is writing about. It is this sense, we must confess, which is gratified most rarely in the reading of most of the younger schools of critics, alike in England, in France, and in America. You feel with Mr. Lowell that here is a writer who not only knows what he means, and can write what he knows, but who also knows his subject, and, what is more still, the atmosphere and relations of his subject. In contrast with the two forms of literary charlatanism, that which dashes through thick and thin, careless whether it shows ignorance or not, and that which performs a kind of egg-dance in elaborate avoidance of subjects which might show ignorance, this competence is very pleasing. And it is accompanied by that unquestioned love for letters without which mere knowledge of them is but a barren and arid thing. Of course it is possible to pick plenty of holes even in this coat of Mr. Lowell's. Idols of the forum and the theatre are very numerous with him; idols of the cave not rare. But the point is that his method, his equipment, his general attitude are the right attitude, the right equipment, the right method; and this is the point which it is just as well as generous to dwell on in a brief notice of a long life-work.

NOVELS.*

JERRY is a book which will be interesting to English readers for its novelty. There is no love, and there are no female characters of any importance. The book is really the romance of a gold mine in the Far West, though nominally a biography of its chief "exploiter." The story of the half-clad, half-starved wail, who runs away from the brutal violence of his father and wanders he knows not whither, till he falls into the hands of the

* *Jerry*. By Sarah Barnwell Elliot. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.

Amargyllis. By Γεώργιος Δρογίτης. The Pseudonym Library. London: T. F. Unwin. 1891.

The Bachelors' Club. By T. Zangwill. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

Miss Harrington's Husband. By Florence Marryat. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1891.

Spindle and Shears. A Welsh Story. By Lewis Armitage. London: Allen & Co.

A Life's Devotion. By Lady Virginia Sandars. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

The Risen Dead. By Florence Marryat. London: Spencer Blackett. 1891.

Jack's Father. By W. E. Norris. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

Wounded by a Word. By C. E. Hitchman. London: Digby & Long. 1891.

* *Works of James Russell Lowell*. 10 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

kindly old miner Joe, and gradually develops into "Jeremiah P. Wilkerson, Esq.," one of the richest men in America, is graphically and even pathetically told. Many Socialistic and philanthropic schemes are cleverly hinted at rather than worked out in detail. The lifelong quarrel between "Jerry" and Paul Henley, the representative of Eastern civilization, is carried on by means of manoeuvres which the mere English reader may find some difficulty in following. Each of these two men is the leader and autocratic sovereign of one of those mining towns which spring up so easily in "gold diggings" throughout the world, and their proceedings savour more of civil war than of civilized life. The book is written in the American language and spelling, and much of it is in a dialect which differs in many respects from that which Mr. Bret Harte puts into the mouths of his Western heroes.

Amaryllis is one of those quaintly shaped little yellow-covered novels with whose appearance "Mademoiselle Ixe" has made us familiar. There is a curious woodenness of style about the story, which is easily accounted for when we remember that English is not the native tongue of the writer. The plot, too, is of an infantile character, and the whole book has something about it which reminds one of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and his school. From what has been said, it might be thought that we have found *Amaryllis* dull; but, on the contrary, we think it charming. The peculiarities of diction which we have noticed never interrupt the story, and sometimes add piquancy to it. We shall not reveal the plot, but will explain that the scene is laid in Greece, and that all the characters are Greeks—modern Greeks, be it understood. The hero, while visiting a rural estate, meets the lady whom he calls *Amaryllis*—one of the advantages of being born a Greek is that one can read Theocritus without a dictionary—and falls in love with her. To them enters a lieutenant in the Greek army with a company of soldiers, engaged in the pursuit of what the writer calls "malcontents." Our thoughts revert straightway to "Hadji Stavros" and his friends, but we are told no more about these mysterious beings; for the lieutenant, on hearing that a fox has robbed *Amaryllis's* hen-roost, announces his intention of hunting foxes instead of "malcontents." It may interest some of our countrymen to learn how officers in the Greek army hunt foxes, so we transcribe the passage:—

We were to take with us a hen, which was to be tied to the trunk of a tree, with a long string fastened to her leg. We were to hide near among the bushes; we were then to pull the cord attached to the hen's foot, so as to make her scream out; which, the fox hearing, it (*sic*) would infallibly run to the spot, and then—we could shoot it. . . . The lieutenant went to his room, and came back shortly armed to the teeth. He wore a hunting-belt round his waste (*sic*), had a double-barrelled gun slung over his shoulders, and held in his hand a revolver.

The Bachelors' Club is a laborious series of jokes on the subject of marriage. "If," says the writer, "I succeed in making only one reader laugh, I shall have written wholly in vain." The Club consists of twelve members, and each successive chapter deals with the fall of one of these "fra the band o' cantie single men," as Mr. Kipling sings of Jock Gillespie. For a little while these fantastic variations on the eternal theme of "Amandus He, Amanda She," may be dallied with; but we doubt whether any one, except in a seaside lodging on a rainy day, could possibly read the book straight through. He would be surfeited with epigrams, quips and quirks, and would feel as though he had lunched entirely on pickles without the accompanying cold beef. We like the stories of "Hamlet up to Date" and "The Fall of Israel" best; but all are amusing, and all "coruscate" with puns. The book will not do for those readers who cannot appreciate extravagant fun, who want probability, or, above all, for those who insist on getting a serious love story. All these are hereby warned off *The Bachelors' Club*.

Miss Harrington's Husband might have had for its second title *Amentium Ire*, for the only themes with which it deals are love and jealousy, with some incidental illustrations of the passionate desire of women to get into society. Our own opinion is that Gerard Legh, the husband of the brilliantly successful actress known on the stage as "Miss Harrington," sinned against her in a manner past forgiveness, and that he was a mean cur as well, yet—but we will not spoil the reader's pleasure by telling him the plot, which contains some real surprises and the comfortable moral that a wife will pardon almost any conduct provided that her husband occasionally tells her that he loves her. The book is well and naturally written, and the characters better drawn than in several of the author's more ambitious works. Yet we do not think that it is very pleasant to read a book where the heroine, in whom the whole interest necessarily centres, is unhappy from the outset until nearly the very last page is reached.

In *Spindle and Shears*, a Welsh Story, we find a great deal of what the slang of our day calls "local colour." The traditions, the curious miracle-plays and carols, the hill fox-hunting, and the love of music which are to be found in South Wales, are here set forth with considerable skill, and scraps of Welsh continually remind the reader that the scene is laid among a people whose blood courses more quickly than that of the English peasantry. A cultivated taste for music is, indeed, common among the Welsh, and in many cases singers and musicians have come from Wales and made themselves a name in the world, though we fear that the case of Mendelssohn Johns is a more common one than that of Eudea Morgan. By the way, when dealing with a somewhat intricate plot, it was surely unnecessary to add to the reader's bewilderment by giving two of the female characters—

mother and daughter—the same name. The old crazy peasant grandfather, Idris Morgan, is drawn with considerable force, and the two girls, Gabrielle and Eudea, are well contrasted; but the male characters are shadowy in the extreme, and we think that the descriptions of Welsh scenery and of Welsh village life are, as a rule, better written than the story into which they are woven.

The Risen Dead has as much plot as *Miss Harrington's Husband* has little. A more ingenious series of complications it was never our lot to unravel, and the "situations" which arise out of them are dramatic to the highest degree. To obtain the conditions necessary to produce these effects, probabilities must of course be more or less disregarded, yet when one quietly thinks over the story, it is impossible to say that any particular incident in it might not conceivably have taken place. The characters, too, are real characters, and act in a very human manner, though the old family lawyer strikes one as rather a familiar piece of stage furniture. The hero, as is often the case, is the weakest part of the book, as he does hardly anything to justify the passionate affection lavished upon him, and we think that his conduct in going off into what is euphemistically termed "Bohemia" in the society of a card-sharp, as soon as he found himself disinherited and disowned at home, is likely to prejudice most readers against him. "Dived down into rascaldom and was seen no more" is Carlyle's comment on a similar disappearance. In the scene which leads to the duel, Anthony, it is clear, had the choice of weapons, and need not, therefore, have made the result inevitable by allowing his antagonist, a practised fencer, to choose swords. We are rather inclined, also, like the honest country doctor in *Maneuvering*, to think that "Trick upon Trick" is too much, and that there was no reason whatever for pretending that he was dead, save to lead up to the grand closing scene, where his appearance, and the emotions with which it affects all persons present, remind us of that of Harry Bertram at Woodbourne, in *Guy Mannering*. We have striven to discuss the story without revealing it, and hope that we have but whetted the reader's curiosity. For our own part, we seldom remember to have met with a finer specimen of the true melodramatic sensation novel than *The Risen Dead*.

A Life's Devotion is a novel whose scene is laid in the time of the Crimean War. The heroine, a charming Irish maiden, with an impulsive, good-looking, gambling Irish peer for a father, is tenderly watched over and guarded from harm of every kind by her old nurse Bridget, a most delightful character, and by Hugh Carmichael, her guardian, a distinguished soldier. Our own opinion is that he had better have sent her to school than let her live with her stepmother after her father's death; but beautiful young ladies have a habit of getting their own way, especially when their guardians are in love with them. We are sorry not to have a more detailed account of the Irish estate, with its lakes, its bogs, its wishing well, and its Banshee; but though the exigencies of the story take us away from Ireland to foreign watering-places and to London in the season, nevertheless the interest never flags. Sheila grows more and more charming as we learn to know her better, and her innocence is well contrasted with the scheming and flirting, which go on round about her. Her guardian's chivalrous devotion is also well told; but we must remind Lady Virginia that the Victoria Cross was not instituted until after the end of the Crimean War. *A Life's Devotion* is not wildly exciting, and Lady Lilburne's shortcomings may appear ridiculously venial to readers of the modern school of fiction; but the book is healthy in tone, and is very pleasant reading.

Jack's Father is a series of short stories, and, perhaps, short stories show Mr. Norris at his best. There is no lack of plot and of well-wrought machinery; indeed, the writer has long been noted for the neatness of his workmanship; but what distinguishes him from so many of the successful novelists of the day is that, whereas their books depend upon the plot, and everything in them tends to make the reader wish to see how they will end, with Mr. Norris one is always sufficiently amused with the page before one, and does not skim it perfunctorily in order to be able to understand the next one. He has, as every one nowadays knows, the two rare gifts of style and humour; he therefore can tell a simple story without any fear of its appearing commonplace, and can hold the reader's attention without an elaborate system of combinations and surprises. It was said of a greater than Mr. Norris, "If literature has no further task than that of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men, here is the very perfection of literature; here more emphatically than elsewhere a man may fling himself back, exclaiming, 'Be mine to lie upon this sofa, and read everlasting novels of—W. E. Norris.'" And truly it is good to be amused, and to know whither to go for amusement, even though it be not the end and purpose of life. Some of Mr. Norris's stories, though, are deeply tragic; *Jack's Father* itself is a piteous tale of a young life wrecked by an old man's selfishness, though the misery of it is but lightly sketched, in the author's manner, instead of being coarsely emphasized. The Sardinian story, too, is perfectly terrible. But such delicious fooling as "A Queer Business" is what few writers save Mr. Norris can give us, and what other writer could have drawn the lumpish Lord Warrender, who is so stupid, and at the same time so unconsciously humorous, so chivalrous, and so natural? We have seen most of these stories before they were collected into one book, but they are all of them stories which will bear another reading.

Wounded by a Word is called by its writer a novel, but is certainly the most infantile one it was ever our lot to wade through.

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The scene being laid in Ireland, a tenant naturally shoots his landlord. Whether he would not have done so without his character having been previously taken away by a thoughtless woman, it is hard to say; still, up to this point there is a certain probability about the story. But when, after only slightly wounding him, the tenant goes and tells him that it was he who fired the shot, we feel that his conduct is too unreasonable to be accepted as within the bounds of even Irish probability. "Fiction," Captain Marryat remarks in his preface to *Masterman Ready*, "should, at any rate, be based upon truth," and when it is not, we cannot read it with interest. As far as we can gather, the book is intended to illustrate the old proverb of "Give a dog a bad name," but we do not think that it drives the moral very well home; indeed, it is an exceedingly crude production, such as might have been written by an intelligent child after reading one of Miss Edgeworth's books. In one respect, however, it is honourably distinguished; the hero is married when the story begins, and we are not troubled with eternal scenes of love-making, which only masters of the art can render attractive.

HIVES AND HONEY-BEES.*

IT is a pity that Mr. Gladstone, who may be said to have taken British jams under his special protection, should not also have bestowed a little of that advertisement in whose manufacture he is such an adept on the advantages of bee-keeping. Not only is much profit to be made out of these little insects, but the outlay required for setting up a bee-farm is comparatively speaking small, while the opportunity of studying the life and habits of bees is one that will more than repay the apiculturist for whatever trouble he may be put to. In fact, for those who live entirely in the country, and who have plenty of spare time on their hands, it would be hard to find an occupation more absorbing than bee-keeping. Messrs. Dadant have certainly done a good work in publishing a new, revised, and enlarged edition of Mr. Langstroth's work. The last revised edition of this valuable work was published by the author in 1859; and, owing to the immense development of apiculture in America, another revision being necessary to bring the book up to date, Mr. Langstroth, unable himself from feeble health to undertake the work, entrusted it to Mr. Charles Dadant and his son. Nor could he have put the matter into better hands; for Messrs. Dadant, being considerable bee-keepers themselves, have all that practical knowledge of the subject which was absolutely necessary for revising and enlarging so important and technical a work. Mr. Langstroth, who is called "the father of American apiculture," was born in 1810, and from his earliest days, in spite of much opposition from his parents, who did not approve of "his wasting his time," devoted himself to the study of insect life. The elder Mr. Langstroth having lost his fortune while his son was at Yale College, the latter had to devote himself to teaching, and became pastor of a Congregational church in Massachusetts. It was not till 1837 that the accidental sight of some comb-honey on the table of a friend, and a visit to the attic where the bees were kept, revived all his early enthusiasm for the study of insects, and from that moment down to the present day he has never lost his interest in apiculture, though since 1874 he has had to abandon, through failing health and family sorrows, the extensive nature of the operations and experiments he had carried out up to that date. The "Langstroth" movable frame-hive, which is used almost universally now by apiarists, was invented by him in 1851.

The great merit of the book as a work of reference is the admirable simplicity and conciseness of its arrangement. Every fact and observation is stated in a paragraph, and each paragraph is numbered, so that if any fact is needed, a single glance at the admirably compiled index at the end of the book will give the actual number of the paragraph wherein the information required is to be at once found. Beginning with a few general remarks on the honey-bee, the hive, and the three kinds of inhabitants—i.e. queens, drones, and workers—the authors then proceed to give an exhaustive and most interesting description of the physiology of the honey-bee. Every portion of the frame of this little insect is dissected for the reader's benefit, and its uses explained. How exquisitely delicate and complete is the anatomy of the bee may be gathered from the description of the five eyes (two being "composite eyes, one at each side of the head, and are but clusters of small eyes or facets, and three *convex* eyes, or *ocelli*, arranged in a triangle on the top of the head") which adorn her head. An interesting quotation from Mr. Cheshire, author of *Bees and Bee-keeping*, is given, describing the different number of facets found in the composite, six-sided eyes of worker, queen, and drone. On the worker's eye he found 6,300 facets, which, as she spends her time in the open air and needs accurate and powerful sight for her labours, was natural enough. "In the mother of this worker," continues Mr. Cheshire, "I expected to find a less number, for queens know little of daylight. After wedding they are out of doors but once, or at most twice, in a year (when going out with a swarm). This example verified my forecast by showing 4,920 facets on each side of the head. A son of this mother" (i.e. a drone) "much a stay-at-home also, was next taken. His facets were irregular in size,

those at the lower part of the eye being much less than those near the top; but they reached the immense number of 13,090 on each side of the head. Why should the visual apparatus of the drone be so extraordinarily developed beyond that of the worker, whose need of the eye seems at first to be much more pressing than his?" This extraordinary development of sight, and an equally extraordinary development of "small hollows" on the antennæ of the drones (which number 37,800, in contradistinction to the 4,800 to be found on the antennæ of the workers) is supposed to be required by the drone in the pursuit of the queen when she leaves the hive five days after her birth on her single "marriage flight"; but this supposition must have something more solid to rest upon than the simple induction that there can be no other use for the drone's excess of visual and olfactory powers before it can be accepted as a positive fact. Another mystery in connexion with bees is the fact that the queen "deposits drone-eggs in the large or drone-cells, and worker-eggs in the small or worker-cells, and that she usually makes no mistakes." All the apiarist authorities have advanced theories to try and explain how it happens "that the queen-bee is endowed with a faculty no other animal possesses, that of knowing and deciding the sex of her progeny beforehand," but up to now no really satisfactory solution of this fact has been found. That she prefers laying worker-eggs is indisputable. "If all the drone-combs are removed from a hive and replaced with worker-combs, she will not show any displeasure. She will live in that hive for years, without laying any drone-eggs, except, perhaps, here and there in odd-shaped junction-cells." But if the case is reversed and hardly anything but drone-comb supplied, "if a few worker-cells are among the drone-cells, the queen will find them and will lay in them." The description of the experiments of Dzierzon, and his discovery of *parthenogenesis* in queen-bees, are exceedingly interesting, especially the additional discovery he made that eggs laid by an unfecundated queen produced nothing but drone or male bees!

In describing the hive and all the practical issues of bee-keeping, the care of the bees, their food and pasturage, the shape of the hive, the best kind of movable frames, the treatment and prevention (if necessary) of swarming, the transporting of bees, the elimination of their many enemies, the handling of the honey, and the best method of preparing it for market, besides a hundred other questions of utility which space prevents us from mentioning, the greatest care has been given to explain each point in the fullest detail and the simplest language. In conclusion, it may safely be stated that this is a book which is calculated to interest every intelligent person whether he or she happen to be an apiarist or not, and one which should certainly be placed on the shelves of every country-house library.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

THE second volume of Mr. Martineau's *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses* (1) is made up of occasional papers published, for the most part, many years ago. Some of them are but of little value; the article on "Alexandria and her Schools" is as uninteresting as any production of Mr. Martineau's pen could be. But, taken as a whole, they define Mr. Martineau's theological position very clearly, and Church people, at any rate, will be glad to know the very worst that so distinguished and, in his way, so devout a man can say about them. The worst is that their doctrines are not so much untrue as immoral. Mr. Martineau is a strong Unitarian; but he speaks of Trinitarianism with great forbearance and a certain respect. In the letter to the Rev. S. F. Macdonald he acknowledges that "neither his intellectual preference nor his moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age," that Trinitarianism in itself is not so distasteful to him as it once was, and that "it leaves for some of the noblest of our men and women a larger ground of sympathy with it than the sort of miraculously-confirmed Deism which often passes under the Unitarian name." But the doctrine of the Atonement and its corollaries excite in him positive abhorrence. He goes so far as to say that, "He who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity, is so far from the qualifications of saint, that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton's fiends." Yet Mr. Martineau must at some time or another have caused his own mother trouble, and been benefited by the sufferings of her innocence and sanctity. Would he really rather have been damned? Such blindness to common moral facts in one who is a master of moral theory is amazing. The letters to Macdonald are deeply interesting throughout, and deserve most careful reading. It is no wonder that they caused a stir in the fold. Unitarians who prided themselves on their Unitarianism could not understand why they were not to call themselves so, why they should be reminded that the next generation may think differently on so important a point, why the proposal to raise a Church on the mere basis of free inquiry is despicable, or why they should be flouted, not merely by M. Coquerel, but by the most eminent member of their own community. Nor, indeed, can any one else understand it, if there is any vital connexion between belief and conduct. That there is such a connexion Mr. Martineau himself would not deny, though

* *Langstroth on the Hive and Honey-Bee*. Revised, enlarged, and completed by Charles Dadant and Son. Hamilton, Hancock County, Illinois: Dadant & Son. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(1) *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses*. By James Martineau. Vol. II. Ecclesiastical and Historical. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

he has somehow persuaded himself that the Christian ideal of sanctity exists only in glaring defiance to the Christian doctrine of Forgiveness.

Dr. Gloag possesses a really enviable gift of exposition, and in his *Introduction to the Johannine Writings* (2) succeeds in giving a luminous account of one of the most tangled portions of New Testament criticism. The fault of the book is that it is too facile, and that Dr. Gloag did not write more directly for those readers who are not afraid of details. Dr. Gloag holds firmly that St. John was the author of both the Gospel and the Apocalypse. He thinks that St. John had seen the Synoptic Gospels, and deliberately avoided travelling over the same ground again, and he is willing to admit a certain subjective element in the Apostle's report of the Lord's discourses. The Gospel he considers to have been written between 70 and 85, the Apocalypse about 96, in spite of the difficulty of accounting for the difference of style, if the Apocalypse is regarded as the later of the two. Dr. Gloag writes in very instructive and interesting fashion on the literary affinities, interpretation, and unity of the Apocalypse, on the Millennium, and on the influence of St. John's theology. The last topic is one of high importance, and the author would have done well to develop it at greater length.

Some time ago we noticed in these columns a Manual on Preaching by Bishop Dupanloup, in which that prelate insisted on the importance of the art of catechizing as a training for the pulpit. A new volume by the same author, *The Ministry of Catechizing* (3), explains with abundant fullness of detail what Dupanloup meant by this advice. The book is one of great value to all who are interested in the religious education of children, although the system described may not be adaptable in all its parts to the requirements of our own people. Catechizing, as here described, combines in one the Sunday School and the Children's Service. The arrangements recommended are those elaborated by the clergy of St. Sulpice, and Dupanloup gives a vivid, exact, and practical description of the way in which the whole thing is worked. The service lasts about two hours, and the objects aimed at are thoroughness, variety, and life. It is conducted mainly by the subordinate catechists, who correspond in a manner to our Sunday School teachers, though they are always apparently clerics, or at least seminarists, the chief catechist, the parish clergyman, interposing from time to time with a few weighty words of criticism or admonition. The three principal exercises are the actual repetition of the Catechism by way of question and answer, a plain and very clear instruction upon this, and the reading of the Gospel with a brief and stirring homily. Interspersed in varying proportions are hymns, prayers, and *avis*, anything that he thinks it desirable to say, from the leader. In one part or another the service calls for the most varied qualities—discipline, didactic power and simplicity, knowledge of music, and eloquence. Every point has been worked out with the most painstaking minuteness and every page contains valuable hints. Our ways are very different from those that Dupanloup describes, and the method of St. Sulpice could hardly be transplanted into an English parish without considerable modifications. But one part of the book will be found to afford excellent advice for the conduct of the Children's Service, while another describes methods that might be adopted with effect in our often too dull and mechanical Sunday Schools. Even the somewhat theatrical *Billets* and *Conferences*, recitations or debates, by children, sometimes dressed up for the purpose, might conceivably find a place in the latter field. An interesting feature in the book is the description of the Academies or Catechisms of Perseverance, in which systematic religious instruction is provided for those who have passed beyond the years of childhood. The difficulty of retaining a hold on young men and women is widely felt, and Dupanloup's experience may be studied with profit, though it is just at this point, at the commencement of adolescence, that the peculiarity of Roman ideas and methods begins to make itself most sensibly felt.

The *Acts of English Martyrs* (4) is a collection of documents hitherto unpublished relative to the trials and deaths of those English Roman Catholics who perished more or less directly for their faith in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The volume is full of painful interest even to those who might take exception to the title as implying forgetfulness of those other martyrs who died not by the gibbet but by the fire. Some of the narratives are very touching; we may instance those of Genings, Davies, and Roberts. In the Appendix 359 Roman Catholic martyrs are counted up between 1537 and 1681. It is a singular thing that, while the cruelty of Queen Mary left an indelible impression on the popular mind, these executions, though quite as pathetic, and, upon the whole, more ghastly in details, produced little or no revulsion. Was not the reason partly the fact that the Jesuit priest had neither wife nor child? Anyhow it is a black chapter in our religious history which zealots would do well to study. The volume is edited by Fathers Pollen and Morris.

Among the sermons on our list are three volumes by distinguished Headmasters, Archdeacon Wilson (5), late of Clifton;

(2) *Introduction to the Johannine Writings*. By Paton J. Gloag, D.D., Minister of Galashiels. London: Nisbet & Co. 1891.

(3) *The Ministry of Catechizing*. By Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

(4) *Acts of English Martyrs*. By J. H. Pollen, of the Society of Jesus. With Preface by John Morris, of the same Society. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. 1891.

(5) *Sermons Preached in Clifton College Chapel*. By the Rev. J. M. Wilson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Mr. Welldon (6), of Harrow; and the late Dr. Potts (7), of Fettes. We notice also *Some Aspects of Sin* (8), by Aubrey L. Moore; *Westminster Sermons* (9), and *All Saints' Day* (10), by Charles Kingsley; *Passiontide Sermons* (11), by Dr. Liddon; *Sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral* (12), by Bishop Lightfoot; *Twelve Sermons* (13), by the late Eugène Bersier, of Paris; *The Light of the World, and other Sermons* (14), by Phillips Brooks; and *A Manual for Sundays* (15), by the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.

The first volume of Schanz's *Christian Apology* (16) discusses the questions raised by the natural sciences. It is the work of a well-known Roman Catholic divine, and, like all Romanist manuals, it deals with its subject on a large systematic method, which adds greatly to the effectiveness of the argument. Schanz is possessed of wide knowledge, and can muster up a very considerable array of scientific facts, but his mind is of too scholastic a type to suit most English readers. Those who do peruse the book will, perhaps, be astonished to learn what a freedom is nowadays left to science by the authorities who condemned Galileo. Professor Schanz's style is not fastidiously pure, and we have some difficulty in realizing the picture suggested by the following sentence:—"Vogt, Haeckel, and Huxley gazed with loving fondness on the prehensile foot of the negro; but, when they hugged and embraced it, it melted away, for it was only such stuff as dreams are made of."

Religious Thought in the West (17) is the title of a volume of Essays by Bishop Westcott. The Essays on Plato, Æschylus, Euripides, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Origen have already been published. To these the author has added four new papers on Browning, Whicheote, the Relation of Christianity to Art, and Christianity as the absolute Religion. The last two we would gladly have exchanged for more personal studies, a kind of writing in which Bishop Westcott's extreme subtlety of interpretation finds its best field.

The last new volume of that admirable series *The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges* (18) is by Professor Kirkpatrick, and contains the English text of Psalms i.-xli. with Notes and Introduction. It may be noticed that Dr. Kirkpatrick is to be numbered among the many devout and learned men who see no difficulty in believing that "David" in the New Testament may mean no more than "the Psalter," though he maintains the typical character of the Second Psalm.

The text of *The Prymer* (19), in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been printed by Mr. Littlehales. The editor promises a second volume to contain introduction and notes "in some few years." There may be good reason for this delay, but it is very unfortunate. *The Prymer*, the earliest English Prayer-book (the date of the MS. is about 1400), is often read about in manuals, and well deserves to be read in its proper shape. Apart from its liturgical and linguistic value, it will be found to contain many passages of great devotional beauty.

In his exposition of *The Book of Proverbs* (20) Mr. Horton follows the plan of gathering the scattered sayings of cognate import into separate discourses. Thus he has chapters on Wealth, Goodness, the Tongue, the King, the Fool, and so forth. Mr. Horton writes with great force and a shrewd eye for the application. His discourses are, in fact, sermons of a very practical, hard-hitting kind. Perhaps he goes too far in this direction, for it can hardly be thought that a volume on *Proverbs* is the right place for a rattling lecture on teetotalism. Mr. Horton aims rather at illustration than at exegesis, and dismisses the higher criticism of the book in a brief introduction. He holds that the *Proverbs* consist in the main of two collections of wise sayings,

(6) *The Fire upon the Altar*. Sermons preached to Harrow Boys by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

(7) *School Sermons*. By the late A. W. Potts, LL.D., Headmaster of Fettes College. With Memoir and Portrait. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

(8) *Some Aspects of Sin*. Three Courses of Lent Sermons by the late Aubrey L. Moore. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

(9) *Westminster Sermons*. With Preface by Charles Kingsley. London: Macmillan & Co.

(10) *All Saints' Day; and other Sermons*. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Fourth edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

(11) *Passiontide Sermons*. By H. P. Liddon. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(12) *Sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral*. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(13) *Twelve Sermons*. By the late Eugène Bersier, D.D., of l'Eglise de l'Etoile, Paris. Translated by Mrs. A. Waugh. London: Nisbet & Co. 1891.

(14) *The Light of the World, and other Sermons*. By Phillips Brooks. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(15) *A Manual for Sundays*. By F. C. Woodhouse. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

(16) *A Christian Apology*. By Paul Schanz, D.D., &c. Translated by the Revs. M. F. Glancey and U. J. Schobel. Vol. I. God and Nature. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1891.

(17) *Religious Thought in the West*. By B. F. Westcott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(18) *The Psalms*. Book I. (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) Edited by A. F. Kirkpatrick, B.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1891.

(19) *The Prymer, or Prayer Book of the Lay People in the Middle Ages*. Edited by H. Littlehales. Part I. Text. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(20) *The Book of Proverbs*. By R. F. Horton, M.A. (Expositor's Bible.) London: Hodder & Stoughton.

one dating from the days of Solomon, one from those of Hezekiah, with certain introductions and appendices.

Dr. Kellogg's *Book of Leviticus* (21) is too stiffly conservative for modern requirements, and carries the correspondence of type and antitype perhaps too far, further than the ancient Fathers would have done. But we do not like to complain of an author who is so deeply impressed with the doctrine of the Atonement, and who writes with much learning and earnest piety.

Reason and Authority in Religion (22) is the title of a remarkable little volume by Dr. Sterrett, an American divine. The work appears to have been suggested by Mr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion* and by *Lux Mundi*, and contains, among other matter, a criticism and comparison of these two books, in which the leading ideas of both are brought out with clearness and delicacy. Dr. Sterrett is a Hegelian, and starts with the principle that "Hegel has forever made it impossible to appeal to reason, other than that of social man, expressed in his institutions." This makes him a determined opponent of Mr. Martineau's Individualism. "*Unus Christianus nullus Christianus*. The Church is to the individual what language is to thought, what deed is to creed—vehicle and creator at once." The leading doctrines of *Lux Mundi*, the Immanence of the Word, the sanctification and fitness for the Divine purposes of the whole nature and history of man, the validity of the appeal, not to reason alone, but to "the corporate reason of mankind recorded in the Bible and the Church," the co-ordination of personal faith with a sacramental system, receive his hearty assent. He differs from the Keble Eleven mainly in thinking that Nonconformity in its various phases holds a higher place in the Divine order than they are inclined to allow it. "Accomplished history indicates at least a temporary violation of Episcopacy as the normal type of Church polity." There are some blemishes in the book which should be removed. Mr. Gore is not called Principal Gore, neither is he head of Keble College. *Non adhuc requat hoc regnum* is an ugly error of the press, and the twice-quoted saying of Anaxagoras that "Reason (*Nous*) governs the world" may puzzle those whose Greek is not strong. A translation of Grätz's *History of the Jews* (23) will be welcome to many students. The English edition has enjoyed the advantage of special revision by the author, who, in the preface, expresses a hope that his work may foster in all readers an increased sympathy for the Jewish race, and so help to abolish the misunderstanding and ill-usage of which recent years have witnessed so extraordinary a recrudescence. Grätz does not directly discuss the date of the Law, but assumes throughout the traditional account of the origins of Hebrew literature. He regards Our Lord as a man of blameless character, who wrought miracles, claimed to be Son of God, and was put to death on this ground, possibly "falling victim to a misunderstanding." Grätz's comments on the Crucifixion are worthy of quotation. "How great was the woe caused by that one execution! How many deaths and sufferings of every description has it not caused among the children of Israel! Millions of broken hearts and tragic fates have not yet atoned for his death. He is the only mortal of whom one can say without exaggeration that his death was more effective than his life. Golgotha, the place of skulls, became to the civilized world a new Sinai." These are striking words to be uttered by a Hebrew.

The Bampton Lectures of the Bishop of Ripon—*The Permanent Elements of Religion* (24)—have run into a second edition. Mr. Harper's interesting volume, *The Bible and Modern Discoveries* (25), has met with the appreciation it deserves, and appears in a fourth edition.

Our Lord's Knowledge as Man (26) is the title of a thoughtful and scholarly essay by the Rev. W. S. Swayne, which gives a useful résumé of the history of opinion on this subject. Prefixed is an introduction, in which the Bishop of Salisbury comments upon the instruction to be gathered from the Ubiquitarian controversy in Germany.

We have received also a translation of Lamennais's *Words of a Believer and The Past and Future of the People*, with a Memoir of the Author (London: Chapman & Hall); *Fulfilled Prophecy*, the Warburton Lectures for 1854-8, by Dr. Goode, formerly Dean of Ripon (London: Nisbet & Co.); *The Throne of Canterbury, or the Archbishop's Jurisdiction*, by the Rev. Morris Fuller (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *Methodism and the Church of England*, by a Layman (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *Prayers of the Orthodox Eastern Church*, translated, with assistance, from the original, and edited by Katharine, Lady Lechmere (London: Gilbert & Rivington); *On the Catholic Faith*, a collection of extracts from the writings

of Dr. Pusey, by the Rev. T. T. Carter (London: Smith & Innes); *Maxims from Liddon*, selected and arranged by C. M. S. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *A Cloud of Witnesses*, by the Rev. W. F. Fraser (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Children's Year*, by C. H. Woodruff, B.C.L., with Introduction by the Bishop of Southwell (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Instructions on the Creed*, by C. Thayne (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *The Biblical Illustrator*, St. John, vol. i., by the Rev. J. S. Exell (London: Nisbet & Co.); *Evolution Illuminating the Bible*, by Harriot Mackenzie (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Kent, & Co., Lim.); *Plain Teachings on Prayer for Children*, by the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *In Covenant with God*, Instructions on Confirmation, by the Rev. the Hon. A. Legge (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Word and the Book*, by G. C. Hutton, D.D. (London: Alexander Gardner); *The Strangest Thing in the World*, by the Rev. C. Bullock (London: "Home Words" Publishing Office); *Natural and Supernatural Morals*, vol. ii., containing "Supernatural Morals," by the Rev. H. Hughes (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *Conventional Christianity*, by V. Laurien (London: Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Quam Dilecta*, a chronicle and description of All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, by W. A. Whitworth (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *God's Champion, Man's Example*, by the Rev. H. A. Birks (London: The Religious Tract Society); *The Broad Church*, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington); *The Battle of Belief*, by the Rev. D. Loraine (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Massoretic Text and the Ancient Versions of the Book of Micah*, by John Taylor (London: Williams & Norgate); *An Order of Service for Children*, with Music, by the Rev. B. P. Bouverie (London: Skeffington & Son); *The Ideal of Man*, by A. Lovell (London: Chapman & Hall); *Discourses on Positive Religion*, by J. H. Bridges (London: Reeves & Turner); and *Select Glossary of Bible and Prayer Book Words and Phrases*, a very thorough and scholarly vocabulary by the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, a recognized authority on Early English (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode).

THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE.*

THE history of marriage has been much discussed since Mr. McLennan introduced the topic. Nobody has brought to it such ingenuity and acumen as he. He practically founded the science of Nuptials; nor has it been greatly advanced since his time, though men of wider learning have investigated it. The old problems remain unsolved. We do not know what were the conditions of connubial life among the earliest men. We are not certain whether the monogamy of civilization has everywhere been reached by the same stages in evolution. We can only guess at the origin of Prohibited Degrees, which appear to be connected with the general Totemistic tabus; but the first meaning of these, again, is obscure. On the whole topic Mr. Westermarck, lecturer on "Sociology" in the University of Helsingfors, has written a large, and on the whole very meritorious, volume in English. We have no doubt as to the adequacy of Mr. Westermarck's modern scholarship, but, as he quotes Goguet for Cecrops and Becker for marriage in Homeric Greece, we must remark that references to original authorities are far more satisfactory. For example (p. 433), we read, "The Greeks of the Homeric age frequently had concubines, who lived in the same house as the man's family, and were regarded half as wives." For this Becker and Jacob are cited. Now we do think that Mr. Westermarck might have given us references to Homer. In the speech of Phoenix (Iliad ix. 449) we read about the father of Phoenix—

ὅς μοι παλλακίδος περιχώσατο καλλικόμοιο
τὴν αὐτὸς φιλέσκειν, ἀμύλασκε δ' ἄκοιτιν.

We do not learn that the mistress dwelt in the wife's house, but we do learn that such conduct as that of Phoenix's father moved resentment. In *Odyssey* xiv. 201 Odysseus, telling a false tale, says, "Many other sons my father had, born and bred in the halls, lawful born of a wedded wife; but the mother that bore me was a concubine bought with a price." We are not told that this woman lived "in the halls." We know that Laertes did not make love to a fair slave, because he feared the resentment of his wife, and we know what happened when Agamemnon brought Cassandra home. The word *παλλακίς* only occurs once in the *Odyssey*, twice in the *Iliad*. Again, for marriages with half-sisters in Athens, we want original authorities, not Becker, and want them also on matters of bride price and dowry, and, generally, for the whole topic. On the other hand, Mr. Westermarck's modern reading seems extensive and well chosen, and he is aware that all travellers are not equally good authorities. The plan of Mr. Westermarck's book is as follows:—He first discusses the method, approving of Mr. Tylor's method of statistics. He disapproves of inferring, from this or that custom, that the whole race has passed through the savage stage of which the custom seems to be a survival. Symbols and survivals may be misinterpreted; the Levirate, for example, need not indicate a past of polyandry, as Mr. McLennan believed. Mr. Westermarck next examines legends of the origin of mar-

* *The History of Human Marriage*. By Edward Westermarck. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(21) *The Book of Leviticus*. By the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D. (Expositor's Bible.) London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

(22) *Reason and Authority in Religion*. By J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D., Professor of Ethics and Apologetics in Seabury Divinity School. New York: T. Whittaker. 1891.

(23) *History of the Jews from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*. By Professor H. Grätz. Edited and in part Translated by Bella Löwy. 2 vols. London: David Nutt. 1891.

(24) *The Permanent Elements of Religion*. (Bampton Lectures for 1887.) By W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

(25) *The Bible and Modern Discoveries*. By H. A. Harper. Fourth edition, revised. London: A. P. Watt. 1891.

(26) *Our Lord's Knowledge as Man*. By W. S. Swayne, M.A., Theological Lecturer and Diocesan Preacher in the Diocese of Lichfield. With Preface by the Bishop of Salisbury. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

riage, which all regard it as an institution invented and imposed by a God on man. Thence he turns to investigate the relations of mates among the lower animals. Among men the father is needed as protector of the family, and marriage is rooted in the family rather than the family in marriage. By "marriage" he means only "a more or less durable connexion between male and female lasting till after the birth of the offspring." This implies not only sexual relations, but living together for the benefit of the young. As soon as man did not merely browse, but hunted, the presence of the father was a necessity for the children. Mr. Westermarck decides that promiscuity, properly so called, never existed. He really was the husband who killed the kangaroos, or what not, for the family. Immorality, laxity, there is, and was, but not actual promiscuity. The union of husband and wife, parents and children, "was, if not the only, at least the principal social factor in the earliest life of mankind." We confess that the great prevalence of female kinship, and its presence as a survival, among Celts, for example, seem to us to point to a time when male parentage was extremely dubious, though probably not quite unrecognized. How else can we account for the descent of the family name and Totem through the mother? The old and modern stories of promiscuity are sometimes demonstrably false, and are always suspicious. The customs surviving which seem to be rudiments of promiscuity are capable of other explanations. But the Matriarchate is not so easily to be explained away, while the origin of the Totemic system is left a mystery. We cannot see that Mr. Westermarck gets over this difficulty. There must have been very great laxity, we think, if not absolute promiscuity, before the system of female kin could have become such a widespread institution. It is hard to argue about matters which lie so very far behind the stage in which we find the lowest known savages. We have to admit that jealousy must always have existed among men, as it does even among salmon. That tells against promiscuity, but female kin raises a presumption in favour of something not much short of it.

Mr. Westermarck next discusses Celibacy, very rare among "nature-folk"; "means of attraction," often very unattractive; tattooing is apparently in some places regarded as an attraction, in others as a deterrent. Some people dress to attract, others wear no clothes as a cause of modesty, which will surprise Mr. Horsley and his pure friends. Shame is perhaps the result, not the cause, of clothing. As to liberty of choice, it varies almost as much as ideals of beauty. One vexed problem, the origin of prohibited degrees and exogamy, Mr. Westermarck attributes to the contempt bred by familiarity among persons who always live much together. But many well-known facts seem to prove that no such indifference exists. If it did, the many tabus upon the most ordinary intercourse between son and mother, brother and sister, and relatives "in law," would either not exist or would defeat their own purpose. Talking of marriages which we deem incestuous, in Egypt Mr. Westermarck might have found authorities better informed and fresher than Wilkinson, whom he takes as a sponsor for Diodorus. We prefer Diodorus at first hand. Probably the most archaic tabu is that which forbids marriage to persons akin in the same Totem, and the motive was perhaps merely the usual Totemic tabu in this particular instance. The origin of that tabu, however, is lost in unknown antiquity. The prohibition was extended to all recognized blood relations, and was otherwise extended, and then, again, was reduced to certain near relations, as among ourselves. Aversion to near relations marrying is now an instinctive one, but only through the secular education of the race. Shelley, as we know, was for rejecting this instinct. Anarchists in general wish to behave as if the race had never been educated in the queer but effective way which we can partly trace, in which the results are rational, but the method is very unlike what any one could have expected. If anarchism ever gets its full swing, the race will begin to be re-educated in precisely the old grotesque manner, till it becomes civilized, conscious, discontented, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is odd that a man may not marry his grandmother because at some remote period his ancestors had absurd fancies about ancestral beasts, birds, fishes, plants, and so on. But it is none the less undesirable that a man should marry his grandmother, or Laon Cythna. This is what Nature "wants," and she gets her way, partly by natural selection, which favours those who obey her. Mr. Westermarck's theory about "innate aversion between persons living very closely together from early youth" is destroyed by facts in his own book, and by others familiar but disagreeable. He is putting the cart before the horse. Mr. Alfred Wallace, in a brief preface, calls his theory "ingenious and philosophical." If it were correct, as we said, the whole savage system of the domestic boycott would either be needless, or, by placing near kin in unfamiliar and distant relations, it would prevent the "innate aversion" which it is intended to cause and confirm. This appears perfectly obvious. Again, the oldest and widest tabu, the Totemic, prohibits marriage between a kangaroo man from the north and a kangaroo girl from the south of Australia. There is no idea of "dwelling in close contact with each other" here; while the tabu does permit marriage with a man's father's daughter near whom he has, perhaps, lived all his life. However, it is Mr. Westermarck's opinion that "those of our ancestors who avoided in-and-in breeding would survive, while the others would gradually decay, and ultimately perish. Thus an instinct would be developed"; but we fail to see that it has been developed, except in the most

successful classes of the highest civilizations. Marriage by Capture, by Purchase, Ceremonies and Forms of Marriage are last discussed, and Mr. Westermarck concludes that "when the feelings of women are held in due respect, monogamy will necessarily be the only recognized form of marriage. . . . If altruism increases, and the feeling of love becomes more refined and more exclusively devoted to one, the laws of monogamy can never be changed, but must be followed much more strictly than they are now." Mr. Westermarck's conclusions may be recommended to gentlemen and ladies who wish to play at social skittles. His work is painstaking, his reading very considerable, his temper excellent, and if he has not settled all the problems, we must remember that some of them are perhaps beyond reach of aught but conjecture.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY—VOL. XXVII.

ON opening this volume the non-appearance of Mr. Leslie Stephen's name from the title-page will at once strike the eye. An inserted slip of paper repeats the announcement which was made rather more than a month ago to the effect that continued ill-health has compelled him to resign to his coadjutor, Mr. Sidney Lee, the editorship of the great work with which, for twenty-six volumes, his name has been associated. It is hard for Mr. Stephen, after having borne the burden and heat of the earlier part of the day, to have to give up at last the management of the undertaking with which he has identified himself. We trust that his health may still be equal to continuing his contributions, the absence of which would deprive subsequent volumes of a characteristic and valuable feature. In the present volume, at any rate, we have the pleasure of finding an important article by him on a congenial subject, the philosopher Hobbes, who "produced a fermentation in English thought not surpassed until the advent of Darwinism." There are some pleasing details of the sage in his lighter aspects. "He was generally temperate, though he calculated that he had been drunk a hundred times during a life of ninety-two years." A luminary of more orthodox fame, Richard Hooker, is treated of by Mr. Lee. The stock epithet of "judicious" was, we learn, first associated with Hooker's name in the epitaph written by Sir William Cowper, who in 1635 raised a monument above Hooker's grave. The great Anglican theologian, as is well known, did not show his judiciousness in his choice of a wife; but Mr. Lee seems to think that the shrewish Mrs. Hooker, *née* Joan Churchman, was perhaps not quite as black as she has been painted by her husband's friends. "That Hooker's relations with his wife were thoroughly unhappy is rendered improbable by his will, in which he makes 'my well-beloved wife' sole executrix and residuary legatee, while 'Mr. John Churchman, my well-beloved father,' is appointed an overseer along with Hooker's friend Sandys." It is said, however, that the widow took to herself a second husband within five months of the death of the first, and also—which more concerns posterity—that, by her own confession, she permitted her Puritan son-in-law, with another minister, to have access to her deceased husband's library, and to burn and tear up such of his manuscripts as did not please their taste in theology. Canon Perry supplies the biographies of the martyred Bishop Hooper and the latitudinarian Bishop Hoadly, while a later Hooper, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is treated of by Canon Overton. Art being a more popular subject than philosophy or theology, the articles of chief interest to most readers will be those on Hogarth and Holbein. To the former Mr. Austin Dobson gives nearly fifteen pages, which are such pleasant reading that we have not the heart to suggest that they might have been more compressed. Mr. Dobson lingers lovingly over his subject, even giving us the history of Hogarth's two houses.

That in Leicester Fields . . . now no longer exists; but it was inhabited after Mrs. Hogarth's death by the Pole, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, and by Byron's friend, the Countess Guiccioli. The little red-brick "country box by the Thames," much altered for the worse as to its environment, still stands in the lane leading from the Duke's Avenue towards Chiswick Church. One of the post-Hogarthian tenants was the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante, who between 1814 and 1826 held the curacy of Chiswick. A later resident was a transpontine actor, known popularly as "Brayvo" Hicks. An old mulberry-tree, the fruit of which was formerly the occasion of an annual festival to the children of the neighbourhood, still stands in the once well-ordered and nightingale-haunted garden, but of the filbert avenue, where the painter was wont to play nine-pins, there is no discernible sign. The out-buildings at the end of the garden have long been pulled down, and two quaint little tombstones to a dog and bullfinch, the latter of which was said to have been scratched by Hogarth himself, only exist now in the sketch made of them, *circa* 1848, by Mr. F. W. Fairholt for Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." One of the upper rooms of the house, conspicuous by its overhanging bay-window, is conjectured to be that represented in "Piquet, or Virtue in Danger." In this case, its size in the picture must be considerably exaggerated. It is matter for congratulation that this interesting relic has recently (1890) been purchased by Mr. Alfred Dawson, an old resident in Chiswick, who proposes to restore and preserve it as a relic of the painter.

As for Holbein, seeing that he was born at Augsburg, that though he lived, and indeed died, in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, he was rated as a stranger, and that he "had no fixed residence, or intention to remain permanently in England," his right to a place in national biography may be questioned. But as the portrait-painter of Englishmen and Englishwomen his claim is admissible; and, in any case, we are not disposed to cavil

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXVII. Hindmarsh—Hovenden. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1891.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.*

THE seventh volume of Chambers is an exceptionally readable one, beginning as it does with Maltebrun of the Geography, and ending with Pearson on the Creed. Between the two come a vast number of persons, places, subjects, and names of greater or less attractiveness. The article "Names" itself is one of them, and the subject receives prolonged treatment from Canon Isaac Taylor, who packs an infinity of information pointed by an abundance of illustration, into seven columns. The geographical papers include one on the Mediterranean, by Dr. John Murray, who, by the way, yields to the temptings of sloth, and does not mention his authorities. "Matter"—a most attractive subject, because there is no end to it—is treated by Professor Tait, who begins by remarking that it is impossible to give a really "satisfactory definition of this term." Then he shows what definitions have been given, and records "the properties of matter." But it has been plausibly argued that these same properties are no proofs of the existence of matter at all. Besides, it is so utterly superfluous. The "Navy," which falls to Captain Garbett, R.N., is not superfluous, and is quite entitled to the space given it, if not to more. We could wish that Captain Garbett had defined *his* terms a little more accurately, and also that he had found or made space in his article for some notice of the history of the organization of our navy—the various systems of manning it adopted at different times, the pay, the food, and the ranks of the officers. Like other historians of the navy, Captain Garbett leaves all that out. It is the custom of *Chambers's Encyclopedia* to give the articles on some contentious subjects to writers who are rather advocates than judges. Thus "Nihilism" falls to Prince Kropotkin, and "Mormonism" to F. D. Richards, "historiographer" of that queer Church. One understands the advantages of the system, but it does not always inspire confidence. The editor seems to feel this himself; for he enters a caveat against F. D. Richards, whose article is, indeed, mainly interesting as an example of what the Mormons can say for themselves. A very interesting "subject" article is Mr. Ormsby's on the "Novel," in which, as we might have expected, and as is thoroughly critical, much prominence is given to the Spaniards. We think, however, that Mr. Ormsby does a little magnify the office of the novel. He makes it include the romance, which is rather the father of the novel, and he writes of it as if it were the chief vehicle for fiction in literature, which is to make it play the invader on the ancient and withal more splendid domains of the epic and the drama. At the end of his article, Mr. Ormsby enters a seasonable protest against the "overweening pretensions" of some modern novelists who are not content to be mere story-tellers.

The biographical articles are always, to the ordinary human, the most attractive part of an encyclopedia. In this volume they abound, and are often readable. We notice one omission which rather surprises us in a book of reference published in Scotland. There is no mention of Juan Molina, the Spanish painter, who settled in Edinburgh in the late seventeenth century. Sir W. Sterling Maxwell has shown that his place in the history of art in Scotland is important enough to deserve notice. Luis Molina, from whom came the Molinists and not the worst of Voltaire's many japes at sacred things, and Miguel de Molinos, the Quietist, are duly recorded. Mr. J. Robertson tells the story of Mary Queen of Scots in a sensible, sober way, but crowds the later years of her life into an unduly narrow space. Another and, on the whole, better arranged article is Mr. Laughton's "Nelson." Mr. Laughton does not shirk the two awkward passages in the hero's life, the *liaison* with Emma Hamilton and the unpardonable refusal to obey Lord Keith's orders. For this last he accounts reasonably enough, by the supposition that the wound he received at the Nile had disordered Nelson's head. The Caracciolo incident he tells with scarcely any comment; but one would like to know by what right the Admiral acted as the "representative" of the King of Naples. An English officer can represent no king but his own, unless by a special commission, which Nelson did not receive. Still we observe a notable improvement in Mr. Laughton, to which we love to think that we have in part contributed. The artistic and literary biographies of this volume include some which are interesting mainly for their associations. Of these, Professor D. MacKinnon's on Ossian is one. Professor MacKinnon's attitude towards "poor moaning, monotonous MacPherson" reminds us more than a little of Captain Hector's in the conversation which he held with his uncle Monkbarne. The article contains, however, a very loyal defence of Celtic poetry. The name of Michelangelo is so great that whoever has to turn over this volume will naturally go to it for the subject's sake. He will be rewarded by finding a sound account of one of the most wonderful of men and artists, written by Mr. Charles Whibley. We may say substantially the same thing of Dr. Garnett's "Milton." A third great name, that of Molière, falls, as of right, to Mr. Saintsbury. We notice that he dismisses "the accusations of irreligion" brought against Molière as being without foundation other than malice or retaliation. A set argument on that point between Mr. Saintsbury and M. Brunetiere would be a very pretty fight. We should back the English champion, of course, and yet he would be put to it to show that Molière was not in a very intelligible sense "irreligious." A writer who represents

* *Chambers's Encyclopedia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.* New edition. Vol. VII. Maltebrun to Pearson. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co. 1891.

when we are presented with an excellent article by Mr. Lionel Cust. In addition to its general interest, it will be valuable as a guide to the genuine Holbeins in this country, which are fewer in number than is commonly supposed; for "no artist's name has been so frequently and so wilfully misused in England as that of Hans Holbein." The engraver Wenceslaus Hollar, in his native Bohemian tongue, Vaclav Holar, whose biography is supplied by Mr. Morfill, was no more of an Englishman by birth and race than Holbein; but his connexion with this country was of a more complete and permanent character. Hollar married in England, taught drawing to Charles, Prince of Wales, fought as a Royalist in the ranks of the Marquess of Worcester's regiment till he was taken prisoner at Basing House, and after the Restoration was appointed "His Majesty's designer," and afterwards his "scenographer." He had been reduced to great straits during the Commonwealth ascendancy, and does not seem to have much mended his fortunes afterwards, being, according to Aubrey, "shiftless as to the world." It is melancholy to be told that there was an execution in his house when the great engraver was on his death-bed. Mr. George Aitchison gives us the biography of a modern and thoroughly English painter, Frank Holl.

Mr. Garnett's article upon Thomas Hood is a model of what is required for a dictionary—compressed, yet sufficiently full of detail, and winding up with an excellent little bit of criticism. The same writer supplies an equally good biography of Theodore Hook, whose novel of *Jack Brag* he tersely describes as "a successful parasite's mockery of an unsuccessful one." A more illustrious bearer of the same name, Walter Farquhar Hook, Dean of Chichester, but better known as the vicar who found Leeds "a stronghold of Dissent," and "left it a stronghold of the Church," is treated of by the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, whose initials are affixed to the article, though his name by some chance has been omitted from the list of writers. Among miscellaneous articles we must not pass over that on Hood, Robin, by Mr. Sidney Lee, whose conclusion is that, "as in the somewhat similar case of Rory o' the Hills in Ireland, the name originally belonged to a mythical forest-elf, who filled a large space in English, and apparently in Scottish, folk-lore, and that it was afterwards applied by English ballad-writers, chiefly of the northern and midland counties, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, to any robber-leader who made his home in forests or moors, excelled in archery, defied the oppressive forest laws, and thus attracted popular sympathy." When deprived of historical existence, and traced back to a forest-elf, "Hood, Robin," interpolated between "Hood, John, surveyor and inventor," and "Hood, Sir Samuel, vice-admiral," may remind the irreverent of Macaulay's imaginary dictionary in which "Jones, Davy, a fiend, who destroys ships," stood between "Jones, William, an eminent Orientalist," and "Jones, Thomas, a founding, brought up by Mr. Allworthy." But this is perhaps treating with undue levity an article which, though it can scarcely be called biographical, is an interesting study of the growth of legend. The biography of Matthew Hopkins, witch-finder, is worthy of attention, as affording an example of "one of the baser forms of the religious excitement which broke bounds with the civil war," and also as showing what things were possible under the rule of the godly. Hopkins, whom it is most charitable to regard as a lunatic, began to display his witch-finding powers in 1644—the year of the battle of Marston Moor—and, having procured the condemnation of twenty-nine witches in a batch, was invited by various towns in the Eastern counties to come and do a like good work in their midst. With two assistants, and charging twenty shillings in each town for his expenses, the wretched creature was allowed and encouraged to go about torturing old men and women into confessions for which they were hanged. The biographer, the Rev. Alexander Gordon, mentions especially the case of a clergyman nearly eighty years old, who, by enforced sleeplessness for many nights and other cruelties, was tormented into confessing that he had two "imps," one of which he had sent to sink a ship. "He was hanged at Framlingham, having read the burial office on his own behalf prior to his execution." The saintly Baxter "had no doubt of the reality of the 'confessions,'" and the elder Calamy was on the Commission of Oyer and Terminer for the trial of witches at Bury Saint Edmunds in 1645. At last John Gaule, Vicar of Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, "a puritan and a Cromwellian," by which latter epithet we suppose is meant an Independent, had the sense and courage to raise his voice against this reign of crazy cruelty. Not but what Gaule himself believed in witchcraft in a general way; but he did not believe in Hopkins, or rather he seems to have thought that the witch-finder was himself a witch. It would be satisfactory if we could be sure of the truth of the common story that Hopkins was subjected to his own ordeal of "swimming," and being thereby proved a witch, was hanged as such; but the biographer does not produce any very strong confirmation of the story. The register of Mistley-cum-Manningtree, in Essex, attests the fact that Matthew Hopkins was buried at Mistley, August 12, 1647.

These articles are only a few among the number which deserve attention. Many of modern interest we must leave unnoticed; but it would ill become this *Review* to conclude without a mention of Mr. Boase's notice of its founder, the late Mr. Beresford-Flope.

religion as a cause of hypocrisy, and as that alone, who opposes to the hypocrite not an honestly religious person, but one who seems to be perfectly able to do without religion, may well be suspected by genuinely pious people of "irreligion." Besides, is it not a little begging the question to say that Tartufe was really a hypocrite? He is a base fellow, but there is nothing to show that he does not "take for gospel what the Church believes," and his austerities, which the Church calls saintly, are not said to have been sham. There is a most perceptible implication all through that in themselves they are the sign of something odious which it was most convenient and safe to call hypocrisy. But this is precisely what pious people call an irreligious attitude. Argument on a point of this kind may go on for ever. No competent judge will differ from Mr. Saintsbury's estimate of Molière's literary qualities; and every healthy-minded man will be with him in the line he takes towards the revolting scandal which has been told about the dramatist's marriage.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHESS.*

A SIMPLE, familiar, gossiping introduction to the game of chess, practical up to a certain point, and historical so far as mere references to this ancient diversion are concerned, is provided in Mr. R. B. Swinton's *Chess for Beginners and the Beginnings of Chess*. This little book is anything but critical, and the measure of instruction which it contains is about enough to enable a curious idler to look on intelligently whilst a couple of amateurs are engaged in single combat. Mr. Swinton does not profess more than to give a summary of the elements—"to obviate the necessity of a teacher." He sets down most of the essentials, and prints at length the laws of the game, but is too wise to claim for himself the credit of being an instructor. Here is one of his hints to beginners:—"I like to move out the King's Rook's Pawn and Queen's Rook's Pawn early in the game. It is said to be incorrect. If—in time—you find it appreciably wrong, don't do it." To a well-conditioned chess-player, this sounds positively immoral—very much as if a tax-collector were to recommend one to toss up whether to pay the income-tax or not. The most attractive part of the book is that in which the author gossips about the origins and antecedents of the game, and brings together a number of anecdotes and traditions in illustration of its extreme antiquity. Here Mr. Swinton founds himself upon the encyclopedias, and collects a good deal of interesting information which to many of his readers might otherwise be inaccessible. In this way *Chess for Beginners* may justify its existence. It might have done so in a much higher degree if the compiler had had somebody at his elbow to prevent him from making the oddest conceivable blunders. He has borrowed largely from the copious work of Van der Linde, and tells us, quite superfluously, that German is an unknown language to him. But, having called in the aid of a schoolgirl "who had read some of Schiller's works," he quotes from the German writer sundry title-pages of early books on chess, giving very conscientiously the bibliographical details which neither he nor his fair assistant could understand. Thus:—"The famous Game [of Chess] play [being a Princely exercise . . . by John Barbier. Printed at London for John Jackson, dwelling [without temple barr. 1640, 8vo. 54 Blätter 1 Tafel." To another entry of this kind Mr. Swinton adds an ingenuous footnote:—"Splitting up the text by single lines is seen in early books, but the meaning of the fancy here is not to me known." A candid admission of ignorance is easier to deal with than a bumptious display of knowledge. Taking Mr. Swinton's book for what it is worth, there is, at any rate, a residuum of useful and devious information. The cuts of old Oriental and Teutonic chesspieces are very welcome. If some one would do for chess what has already been done in illustration of swords and violins, pipes and drinking-vessels, he would certainly find his fitting reward.

NEW PRINTS.

IF a parent wishes for a highly moral picture to hang on the wall for the instruction and warning of his immediate posterity, he might do worse than select Mr. Boucher's etching from a picture in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition by Mr. Dendy Sadler. It is entitled "Uninvited Guests," and is published by Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Clare Street, Bristol, from whom we have received an artist's proof. The young gentleman sitting in an old-fashioned garden with a couple of boon companions, an ice pail full of champagne bottles beside him, is interrupted by an elderly gentleman with a little bill, backed by a couple of bailiffs. The results of a riotous life are very clearly depicted and the moral cannot be mistaken. The etching is very full, and contains some delicate passages, as, for instance, in the trees and flower beds of the garden. We hardly miss the colour, and Mr. Boucher has done full justice to the faces and expressions of the figures.

From Messrs. Paul & Dominic Colnaghi we have received three pretty prints. The first in importance is certainly M. Laguillermie's etching of Greuze's famous picture in the Louvre, "La Cruche Cassée." There have been a good many engravings, great and small, of this painting, but we must certainly admit that

the etcher has succeeded better than most of his predecessors in catching the expression of the girl's face, which makes this one of the great pictures of the world. The whole story is told in it. The awakened consciousness, the sudden gleam of a great discovery, one, we have always hoped, not altogether unpleasant, is depicted on the sweet young face. M. Laguillermie has also contrived very cleverly to model the flesh, especially the hands; but parts of the dress are unnecessarily harsh in treatment, and the background, unless our memory sadly deceives us, is considerably too dark. But the print is, on the whole, excellent, and in the principal feature of the original, the expression, as we have said, very near perfection.

A second print from the same publishers is "Lavinia" (Lady Austen), after Romney, by Mr. T. G. Appleton. The picture is one of Romney's best, there being none of the coarseness, or unrestrained physical beauty as some might term it, which appears in his pictures of "Lady Hamilton." "Lavinia" is sweetness and innocence itself. There is nothing but purity in her downcast eyes. Mezzotint is the medium employed, and the only fault we see is that the print is too large for all it contains. The gradation between the face and the high light of the white kerchief is well maintained.

Mr. Poynter's "Peas Blossom" disappointed many of his most ardent admirers when it appeared in the Royal Academy last year, and we are not disposed greatly to approve Mr. Cormack's mezzotint from it. The greens and whites of the picture formed, with the rather pallid flesh tints of the young lady with her basket of flowers, a certain kind of simple harmony, which, of course, is lost; and the face, being in shadow, has eluded the grasp of the engraver, who had the choice before him of making it too black or too expressionless. He has, perhaps wisely, chosen the latter, and we have what is certainly a very pretty girl, lighted we do not know whence. The arm and hand are rather flat, as they were, indeed, in the picture. Mr. Cormack has fulfilled with courage and judgment what can hardly have been a congenial task to an engraver of his ability.

MR. ROBINSON ELLIS ON MANILIUS.*

MR. ROBINSON ELLIS has too sound a judgment and too delicate a taste to labour under any illusion as to the intrinsic interest and literary merits of the nearly forgotten author on whom he has bestowed ungrudging industry, and for whose somewhat vitiated text his acuteness has now rendered a memorable service. There is great profit, he tells us in the preface to his *Noctes Manilianæ*, to be derived from a study of the *Astronomica*, but it lies in the direction of critical enlightenment, *si non ad poesin et hæc sublimiora ingenii*. But with excusable partiality he argues that Manilius, if not an excellent poet, yet was not altogether contemptible (*nec optimus nec tamen inter abjectos*); and we are reminded that he has been quoted by Goethe. In the September of 1784, it appears that in the course of a trip in the Hartz Mountains, having climbed the Brocken *serenissimo celo* (immer begleitet von dem hellsten Himmel), he added to the entry of his name in the travellers' book the lines of Manilius (ii. 115, 116):—

Quis cælum posset nisi cæli munere nosse,
Et reperire Deum nisi qui pars ipse Deorum est?

It is not very likely that Goethe was carrying in his pocket a copy of the *Astronomica*; so we are entitled to assume that he had read Manilius with sufficient care to quote him from memory. But the fact remains that from the earliest times Manilius seems to have been almost ignored, and, as Mr. Ellis tells us in an interesting essay, it has been usual to assert that the *Astronomica* was never mentioned by any extant Roman author—a statement which Mr. Ellis has not unsuccessfully set himself to refute. It is true that Manilius was overlooked by Quintilian, and not included in those lists of poets made in Ovid's *Tristia* or *Epistles* from Pontus. But there are some grounds for believing with Rudolf Merkel (though not for his reasons, which are based on the word *Peni* added in one MS. to the name of Manilius, but spelt *Bani*, *Baci*, and *Boetii* in other MSS.) that the author of the *Astronomica* is the person attacked in the *Ibis*. In the first place, there is an evident astrological reference (and astronomy and astrology were not then separated, as Mr. G. A. Simcox reminds us in his *History of Latin Literature*) at *Ibis*, 211-220:—

Natus es infelix, ita dii voluere, nec ulla
Commoda nascenti stella levisse fuit.
Non Venus illuxit, non illa Juppiter hora,
Lunaque non apto Solve fuere loco.
Nec satis utiliter positos tibi præbuit ignes,
Quem peperit magno lucida Maia Jovi.
Te fera nec quidquam placidum spondentia Martis
Sidera præserunt, falciferique senis.
Lux quoque natalis, ne quid nisi triste videres,
Turpis et inductis nubibus atra fuit.

This passage Mr. Ellis believes to be the only one in which Ovid dwells minutely on astrological details in connexion with any one's horoscope; and it is probable, therefore, that some personal fact, such as the astrological researches of Manilius—which may well have been an item of the "Literary Gossip" of the day

* *Chess for Beginners and the Beginnings of Chess*. By R. B. Swinton. London: Fisher Unwin.

* *Noctes Manilianæ sive Dissertationes in Astronomica Manilii. Accedunt conjectura in Germanici Arateæ. Scripsit R. Ellis socius Collegii Trinitatis apud Oxonienses*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

—may be assumed for a particularized elaboration which would otherwise be tedious and pointless. Another reason for connecting Manilius with the *Ibis* is that it reproduces one of his mannerisms—a double *que* attached to the last two words of a hexameter (*saxum volvensque petenque*). Again, there is the double use of so rare a word as *multiplicare* (*Ibis*, 206, 644), a possible bit at the fondness of Manilius for sums in multiplication, “which must have struck every reader of the poem comically.” And Mr. Ellis suggests—what is pretty nearly certain—that even the *Tristia* contains a couplet (ii. 485, 486) which seems intended to recall two of the happiest passages in the Fifth Book of the *Astronomica*, the lines describing the various ways of swimming (420–431), and those about ball-playing (165–171). There are lines in Juvenal which Professor J. E. B. Mayor has compared with possible originals from Manilius, e.g. *constratum classibus idem [mare]*, at Sat. x. 175, with *Persidos et victor strarat qui classibus equor*, at *Astron.* i. 776; and in a poem *De Luna*, attributed in the MSS. to “a certain Claudius,” we find the verse *Luna decus mundi magni pars maxima celi*, which is clearly a flattering imitation or a flagrant plagiarism of *Astron.* v. 12—*Hinc vocat Orion magni pars maxima celi*. In the age of Constantine, as Scaliger and Bechert have pointed out, Manilius was studied and used by Julius Firmicus, author of the Latin treatise on astrology; but from this time to the tenth century Manilius seems to have lain in unbroken oblivion. But Mr. Ellis warns us that discoveries may yet be made. “Though in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when astrology was in fashion and poems on astrology read, there was, especially among the Jesuits, some study of the literature of the Middle Ages, it is only within the last half-century that anything like a comprehensive examination of this literature has been attempted; and during that time Manilius has almost wholly ceased to attract the attention of scholars. It is, therefore, not impossible that lines or adaptations of the *Astronomica* may have escaped notice; just as in the parallel case of the *Ibis* no one before myself had observed that one whole verse has been transferred almost unaltered to the *Comminatorium* of the Christian poet Orientius.”

The earliest and best codex of Manilius is the *Gemblacensis*, made at the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century; it belonged to a monastery in the Belgian village Gembloux, and is now at Brussels, where it has recently been collated by M. Paul Thomas, whose *Lubrificationes*, published in 1888, constitutes a new epoch in Manilian scholarship. Mr. Ellis tells us (*nova fundamenta criseos posuerat Maniliane*), and which he has perused *studioso ac veniente animo*. Other important codices are the *Lipsiensis* assigned by Bechert to a date about fifty years later than G; the *Cusanus* assigned by Oehler to the twelfth century; and the *Vossianus secundus*, now at Leyden, dated 1470, which Jacob held to be the best of all existing MSS., but which Bechert considered to be interpolated, and not to be compared with either the *Gemblacensis* or *Lipsiensis*. Holding the former of these to be far away the best of all, Mr. Ellis admits the great value of this *Vossianus secundus*, which has thrown the only light that we possess on many passages which without it would have remained obscure. Nor does he think that it can have been very extensively interpolated:—“Nam plerumque verba sic inter se divolsa, nonnunquam tam miris additamentis pene in barbaram speciem deturpata habet, ut a vetusto exemplari ductus et ad hoc simplicissime ac fidelissime conformatus haberi debeat.” We may recall the curious fact that Poggio’s discovery of a new Codex of Manilius in Switzerland (during the Council of Constance in 1416–1417) was treated at the time as the rediscovery of a lost author. Writing to Poggio from Venice in 1417, Francesco Barbaro mentions Manilius *Astronomum* among the authors whom “*Bartholomeo collega tuo adiutore vel fato functos vita donavistis vel longo, ut aiunt, postliminio in Latium reduristis*.” These and other contemporary remarks quoted by Mr. Ellis go to show that no other copy of the *Astronomica* was known to be extant in Italy, and it is no unwarrantable inference that Poggio’s transcript of this S. Gallen MS. was “the parent of all the fifteenth-century Italian codices.”

One of the main objects of the *Noctes Maniliane*, Mr. Ellis declares, is to establish by a specially strong instance his reasoned disbelief in the proposition which he states in the following interrogative form:—“*Possintne ex uno codice veterrimo, vel saltem ex duobus, omnia sic scriptoris textu constitui vel potius restitui ut nihil debeat recentioribus?*” He shows that, in the case of the *Astronomica*, neither the *Gemblacensis*, which is the oldest codex, nor the *Lipsiensis*, which is believed to be only some fifty years later, would be sufficient without the *Vossianus secundus*; admitting the superiority of the earlier authorities, he contends that the later ones cannot be ignored; and this he proves by a full statement of the various readings throughout. A few of his own conjectures here published had previously seen the light in the *Journal of Philology* (1886) and the *Classical Review* (1890); but they are now fortified with a more elaborate demonstration than could then be given them. Thus, for example, the lines (v. 529, 530), which are given as follows in the *Gemblacensis*—

Protulit ut legeret census spumantis in aurum
Et perlucentes cuperet pensare lapillos—

were corrected in the *Journal of Philology*,

Protulit ut legeret census summatis in aure
Et perlucentes cuperet pensare lapillos.

But in the present work he quotes the variants (amongst them being *p̄sare* of the *Cusanus* and *pensare* of *Voss*), and goes on

to explain:—“*Protulit* Caniope produxit in tantum peritum sub suo sidere ortum ut legeret in aure summatis estimaret ex pretio gemmarum quas in auribus matrona primaria gestabat census quam dives esset,” “skilful enough to read at a glance the income of a noble lady by her ear-rings.” Then he goes on to quote two passages from Seneca conveying the same idea; one describing a well-conducted woman who does not have two *patrimonia* dangling from her two ears, and another referring to a wife who *locupletis domus censum auribus gerit*, as well as to a parallel near, but not quite so near, in the Propertian couplet:—

Matrona incedit census induta nepotum
Et spolia obprobrii nostra per ora trahit.

Again, in the *Classical Review* Mr. Ellis had contented himself with merely suggesting *soliumque* in place of *cœlumque* (which had naturally offended Scaliger) at i. 798–802, given by Jacob as below:—

Venerisque ab origine proles
Julia descendit cœlo cœlumque replevit,
Quod regit Augustus socio per signa Tonante,
Cernit et in cœtu Divum magnamque Quirinum
Altius aetherei quam candet circulus orbis.

Here, by the way, the practically certain emendation of Mr. Ellis seems to have been suggested by the “*an soliumque repletum*” of the *Vossianus*. But if we were to accept the *cœlumque* of the other MSS., we should have a passage here which would be, as Mr. Ellis says, *notabilis propter adulationem Augusti*, declaring, as it then would, that even in his lifetime Augustus ruled in Heaven with Jupiter and beheld Julius Caesar and Romulus in the Divine Assembly. Such an interpretation always struck Mr. Ellis as harsh and unnatural (*semper hesitavi meque revocavi*). Would it not have sounded even to the poet flatterer as strained and even stupid, since he could hardly have forgotten the simpler and sublimer words of Horace?—

Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare; præsens divus habebitur
Augustus.

Nor was the word *replevit* altogether opportune—“*Quomodo enim cœlum Julii replevisse dicantur cum duo soli eo ascenderint?*” And it would have been almost impious to suggest that Augustus ruled, not only the earth, but, *ultra galaxiam evectus*, even the heavens, a point which had already struck the French critic who remarked:—“*A la vérité ces vers ne sont intelligibles que par la seule considération que cet excellent œuvre ayt esté composé par Manilius souz Tibère*.” But by reading *soliumque* we give to Augustus, not the double sovereignty of earth and heavens, but (more plausibly since less extravagantly) of the earth only, and that shared with Jupiter. In conclusion, Mr. Ellis mentions the different views of Birt and A. Kraemer, but argues that the latter’s theory of the *Caesar Worship* fails to show that Augustus, “in deorum veneratione præcipuus et cui futurum esset religioni parem se Jovis facere,” could have permitted himself to be called Lord of the Heavens and co-partner with Jupiter, even if he consented to be honoured as a deity. Nor does Mr. Ellis think that many scholars will accept the punctuation suggested by Birt:

Venerisque ab origine proles
Julia; descendit cœlo, cœlumque replevit,
Quod regit augustus socio per signa Tonante, &c. &c.

Another emendation, previously published, but here set out more elaborately, is at i. 723, 724:—

An coeet mundum duplicisque extrema cavernæ
Convenient colique oras et sidera jungant?

Mundum is obviously and intolerably wrong, though it occurs in the *Gemblacensis* (as shown by M. Thomas’s recent collation) as well as in the *Cusanus*. Another MS. has *mundus*; but that is little better. And there can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Ellis is justified in writing *nondum*, a change as gentle as it is welcome. He has thrown a notable and highly ingenious light on ii. 287, 293. This is the reading of the *Gemblacensis*:—

at que divisa quaternis
Partibus aequali laterum sunt condita ductu,
Quorum designat normalis virgula sedes
Hæc ta ferunt libram Capricornus. et illum
Conspicit hunc aries atque ipsum a partibus æquis
Cancer et hunc leva subeuntis sidera librae
Semper enim dextris censentur signa priora.

Mr. Ellis, at 290, boldly writes *Hæta ferit*, pointing out, what had escaped the notice of other editors, that the corruptions—*Hæc ta* of *Gemblacensis*, and *Hecca* of the Leyden MSS.—really conceal the astrological and mathematical term *hæta*, *hættæta*, as used by Firmicus—“*ipsos tamen faciet hettematicos et prima semper setate vitiosos*.” Manilius is arguing that the *tetragona* are inferior to the *trigona*, as before:—

Sed longe major vis est per signa trigoni
Quam quibus est titulus sub quarto quoque quadratis.

The whole passage, adopting Jacob’s suggestion to insert *tortus* in 290, Mr. Ellis rewrites as below:—

at que divise quaternis
Partibus aequali laterum sunt condita ductu,
Quorum designat normalis virgula sedes,
Hæta ferit, Libram Capricornus tortus et illum [sc. Capricornum]
Conspicit hinc Aries, atque ipsum [sc. Arietem] a partibus æquis
Cancer, et hunc leva subeuntis sidera Librae.

We have dwelt at some length upon Mr. Ellis’s treatment of these selected passages because they are fair samples of his criticism throughout these *Noctes*; not more laborious and

minute than it is sagacious and (for those who can understand it) attractive; never rashly innovating, but often persuasively reconstructive; not only creating a new starting-point for the somewhat limited band of the Manilian students, but laying down also a type and example for all workers in cognate material. We have no space to do more than allude to the somewhat numerous conjectures on the *Aratea* of Germanicus and a few notes upon Maximus and Avienus which Mr. Ellis has incorporated in the present volume; to follow him in his lengthy, though condensed, discussion of the Name of Manilius; or even to summarize his very interesting account of a copy of the *Astronomica*, printed at Rome in 1510, and picked up at an Oxford bookseller's, which contains some manuscript conjectures by an unknown hand—some highly valuable, others of a more doubtful character; some, indeed, so bold that they must, Mr. Ellis thinks, have been suggested by a codex entirely different from any of those extant or else arose from a *singularis divinatoris ubertas*. At least, it would have been interesting to guess at their author, but even his date it was difficult to ascertain. The experts in the history of writing did not agree together:—"Nam Macraius, Madanus, Nicholse ante annum 1550 scripta ea pronuntiabant; E. M. Thompo potuisse circa 1550 scribi; Warnerus non ante 1550, opinabantur; denique Jacobus Parker potuisse quidem circa 1550 scribi, eam tamen esse universam speciem scripturæ quæ senior anno 1600 videretur." It should be mentioned, perhaps, though it goes almost without saying, that Mr. Ellis has made close acquaintance with the leading Manilian codices; he has inspected the *Gemblacensis*, and collated part of the *Cusanus* and both the *Vossiani*; he has, of course, seen those at Corpus Christi College and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and the four in the Vatican have been examined at his request by J. Bollig, S.J., one of the curators of the Library.

WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL.*

THESE two volumes of the complete edition of Sir William Stirling Maxwell's works are inferior in the illustrations only to the four which contained the "Artists of Spain." We would not be understood to complain, either of the mezzotint portraits which adorn both or of the chromolithographs in *The Cloister Life of Charles V.* Still they are none of them of the same quality as the steel engravings in the "Artists." The praise of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's "Charles V." needs no longer to be written. It is a delightful book worth reading down to the very introductions. These last contain some excellent criticism on other works on the subject which has proved attractive to so many writers, and one amusing story which tells how M. Mignet, when Minister, bought some copies of Spanish historical manuscripts, and then limited the use of them by ingenious restrictions which preserved them intact for his own future benefit in the character of literary gentleman. Sir William's picture of the retired Emperor makes one regret that he devoted himself for so many years to the picturesque, but incomparably less varied and important, Life of Don John of Austria. His style is always excellently sober, and it would be a useful lesson to any writer to compare his account of the famous ceremony of abdication with Mr. Motley's Corinthian picture. Short as this work is, and limited in scope, it shows Sir William's wide knowledge of the sixteenth century. His brief notices of the Spanish Protestants—those strange martyrs who died for opinions which they could never define—proves that he was not to be misled by mere names. Within the limits he chose, the author has drawn a number of vivid portraits of the servants who surrounded the Emperor. The most attractive of them all is Don Luis Quixada the Chamberlain, to whose care the Emperor entrusted his natural son Don John. Don Luis was the very perfect Castilian gentleman of the heroic time—with a notable dash of the Baron of Bradwardine. Though he had a great estate inherited and acquired by marriage, he spent his life in the most arduous service of the Emperor (whose service was always hard); in the first place, because it was the inherited duty of a Castilian gentleman to serve, and, in the second, because he had a profound personal affection for his master. He was killed at last in the war with the Moriscos while exposing himself to keep his raw recruits steady and to cover his ward Don John. After reading of such a man, one asks once more the idle question, Why was it that the Spaniard, after blazing with splendour for a century as he did, became, between daylight and dark, an extinct firework, and has remained one ever since?

The volume of *Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses* will be newer to the reader. It contains eighteen speeches and articles from magazines and newspapers. They are not all on Spanish subjects, though one is on the bull-fight, a spectacle which has rarely received its full allowance of attention. Two of them, to which one naturally turns at once, are obituary notices for the *Times* and the *Press* of Richard Ford, of whom there is a portrait. It shows a singularly fine face, which has an undefined but perceptible resemblance to Lord Byron's. These likenesses in pictures of men of the same time, painted by artists whose work has also a vague similarity, because they too are contemporaries, are, we know, deceptive. Yet there is more in this case than

* *The Works of Sir William Stirling Maxwell*.—Vol. V. *The Cloister Life of Charles V.* Vol. VI. *Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses*. London: John C. Nimmo. 1891.

mere fancy. Sir William's own brief accounts of Ford remind us disagreeably of our little luck in biographies. They are capital of their kind; but they also prove how well Ford deserves fuller record. It was not only that he did the best thing of its class—we suppose nobody will dispute the right of the Handbook for Travellers in Spain to the place—but he was also an eminently interesting man. The bibliographical history of the Handbook, of which a brief notice is given by Sir William, has in it material for an essay. Murray's good sense was considerable; but then his luck was immense. Not once in a century is a writer found who is so admirably fitted to make the best of a subject, or a subject lying so convenient to the hand of a writer. To his honour be it said, the publisher came and put the subject in the writer's hands. As usual with good literature, the Handbook shows how great is the superiority of the man who studies his material for its own sake first, and then writes about it. The essay "On some Varieties of Historical Style"—an address delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh—is, in fact, a critical estimate of four such different men as Bernal Diaz del Castillo, John Knox, the Venetian Paolo Paruta, and Auguste de Thou. Of the four the Conquistador is the best treated. Thuanus—one grudges to say Thou, and De Thou one must not say, though Sir William does—is too great for the canvas; of Paruta one gathers he could not make much, and Knox is not congenial to him; but with Bernal Diaz he is at home, and can write largely with joy and confidence. The bond of union which Sir William finds between them is their individuality. Indeed, the essay should have been named "on historians whose work is intensely individual." Another most readable essay reprinted from *Fraser* is on Mr. Dennistoun's combined biographies of Sir Robert Strange and his brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden the Jacobite. Here, again, it is the strong biographical interest which has attracted Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, though Strange is also acceptable to him as an artist. The Jacobite leaven, which is in all Scotchmen, even the most unlikely, and is strong in the best, is distinctly perceptible in Sir William's sketch of Strange and the Lumisdens. He tells with an audible chuckle how Lady Strange startled polite society by the most old Scotch ladylike expression, "*Pretender*, and be damned to ye," when some ill-advised person used the discourteous word in her hearing. He adds from his own experience an instance of the use of the same word—by a lady of the House of Stuart, too. Her coachman stopped his horses one night, and excused himself by saying that he was looking at a falling star. "An' what ha'e ye to do wi' the stars, I wad like to ken?" said his mistress. "Drive on this moment, sir, and be d—d to you," adding in a lower tone, as was her wont, "as Sir John wad ha' said, if he had been alive, honest man." Among these essays there is, as is most fitting, one on Sir Walter, written as a Scotchman should write on that theme.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE are two M. Edouard Rods, whom we regard with unequal respect. There is the M. Edouard Rod who writes "thoughtful" and Amielish novels, full of pessimist maundering and trumphy analysis; who is crowned by the Academy, bought in pretty numerous editions, and regarded as not much inferior to the great Amiel, the great Tolstoi, the great Ibsen, the great Chose, by persons in England and out of it, of the class which we always prefer to describe by the polite circumlocution of Sir Terence O'Brien, saying that they must have consumed a great deal of flapdoodle in their time. Then there is the M. Edouard Rod who wrote the non-pessimist *Scènes de la vie comopolite*, the acute and useful *Etudes sur le XIX^{ème} Siècle*, and this present book (1). The two M. Rods are both professors in Geneva; they write very like each other, and indeed, as Mr. Carlyle would say, they think under the same hat. But they are wonderfully different fellows in cleverness, pertinence, and desert to be read. In this book the title smacks rather of the other M. Rod, and some passages were certainly written by him. The inclusion of Tolstoi and Schopenhauer, though both essays are good in themselves, breaks the real, though not the title, unity of the book, and was, we think, a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the other M. Rod. But it contains eight more essays of unequal goodness, but all good, on eight French critics who have interested themselves in literature from its moral side. These are as well worth reading as anything we have recently seen of the kind, and far better than most. Every now and then the other M. Rod goes to sleep, Amiel and Co. are kicked into a corner, and our M. Rod sets to work to do a bit of purely literary criticism of the best kind (the kind which, never excluding ethical and intellectual considerations, subordinates them to the dogmatic-æsthetic grasping of a literary personality), and does it. The essay on M. Scherer in particular is the best, if not the only, good thing on the subject that we have yet seen. M. Scherer himself had a high opinion of M. Rod, and they were thoroughly in sympathy, if not in their views, at least in what we may call the attitude they took for viewing. But M. Rod, while doing justice to M. Scherer's great ability, and still greater acquirements, points out excellently the faults of his criticism and

(1) *Les idées morales du temps présent*. Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin.

the reasons of its scanty influence. "Ce n'est pas avec son intelligence qu'il jugeait les écrits; c'est avec son caractère," is not a mere piece of French phrase-making; it is a real judgment at once solidly founded and acutely expressed. M. Brunetière, who has so much in common with the late Senator, and yet is so different from him, is also excellently judged; and we are not sure that the extreme lenience of the article on M. Jules Lemaitre is not rather "perfidious." The papers on M. Renan, M. Zola (whose actual literary value, however, M. Rod rates far too high), and M. Dumas fils are also excellent, and those on MM. Bourget and Melchior de Vogüé are not omissible. It is a really good book.

The idea of M. Giraudeau's book (2) is not new; and (if he will take our assurance that we do not mean to be rude) it is silly. Some nonsense, no doubt, has been talked about the "good old times," though not half so much as has been talked about "progress." But to make a scandalous chronicle of this, that, and the other vice and folly, and say "these were your good old times," is unspeakably childish. It was a favourite trick with Dickens and some of his school in England; M. Giraudeau seems to have spent a good deal of trouble in trying to perform it in French. As an argument his book is only a feeble *tu quoque*; and even as a book of anecdote we do not find it amusing.

We do not know whether M. Macé's *Lazarette* (3) is founded upon the history of an actual crime; but we should think it is, for though the book is not effective as literature, and the conversation in particular is excessively unlikelihood, the course of events seems true to nature and is rather striking. A young French peasant has a tyrannical uncle, who will not consent to his marriage, and even takes steps to disinherit him by sinking his means in a joint annuity on himself and his wife. Some time afterwards both aunt and uncle die in very strange, but apparently accountable ways. Pierre, the young man, is suspected by ever-suspicious French justice, but there is absolutely no evidence against him. He inherits, and marries *Lazarette*. The catastrophe may be read. It is striking, but unfortunately spoiled by want of literary skill and by a sort of *plaidoyer* against the power put in the hands of the police and of *juges d'instruction*.

The beautiful little single-play edition of Molière, which we have so often praised, has reached *Le mariage forcé* (4). Even Molière has seldom surpassed the broad comedy of the *Pancrace* and *Marphurion* scenes, or the quiet comedy of that in which Alcidas solemnly proves to Sganarelle that he must be his brother-in-law or he will kill him. M. Leloir's frontispiece (illustrating this latter incident) is excellent, and M. Vitu's introduction sufficient.

Dr. Lutaud (5) is in reference to hydrophobia a violent anti-Pasteurist; but his collections of facts and statistics are no doubt honestly compiled.

Forty pages on *Croyance Logique*, by Sed Humbert (Paris: Fischbacher), is rather a tight fit for the subject, and 180 on *La richesse et le bonheur*, by A. Coste (Paris: Alcan), have the drawback that so vague a title could not be "lived up to" satisfactorily, either in 180 pages, or in 18, or in 1,800.

Of school books we have before us *French Readings for Children*, by M. Eugène Fasnacht, well arranged, printed, and illustrated (Macmillan). From Messrs. Percival we have two elementary texts—Jules Verne's *Expédition de la Jeune-Hardie*, edited by Mr. Lyon, and Xavier de Maistre's *Prisonnier du Caucase*; one more advanced—M. Ohnet's *Chant du cygne*—by Mr. Spiers (but where does Mr. Spiers expect to go to after saying that "a better model of style" than the French Mrs. Henry Wood "could hardly be found"?), and some good junior French exercises by M. Pellissier; while Messrs. Sonnenschein send us a *Preparatory French Course*, by M. Zweifel.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Co-operative Movement of To-day (Methuen) is by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, whose opinions on this and other subjects are already well known. He has ideals to which humanity cannot at present attain, and which give a visionary character to much of his book. The solemn way in which the merest platitudes are enunciated and fortified with fine writing may prove deterrent to some readers. "Ideas," he tells us, with wonderful originality, "are like seeds. He who discovers a new germ has distinction, though he may not ascertain its nature and uses." From this brilliant proposition or "theorem," Mr. Holyoake draws the conclusion that "he who made the first steam-engine is greater than he that discovered steam." There is plenty more of the kind, but Mr. Lowry Whittle's *Report to the Board of Trade on "Profit-sharing"* is worth more than this whole book with its big words and its little thoughts. *West Barbary* (Frowde) is another, but very different, book on wages and earners. It is written by Mr. L. L. Price, and gives an account of the system of work and payment in the Cornish mines. There are many points of interest in the little volume as to ancient mining laws, some of which date from the reign of King John. The *Stannaries Act of 1887* settled some of the questions in dispute;

but the Labour question is always developing new phases, and gradual changes are coming over the regulations of mining as of every other industry.

The Little Manx Nation (Heinemann) comprises the substance of lectures on the Isle of Man, delivered last spring at the Royal Institution. There is more real information in a single page of Mr. Moore's *Surnames and Place Names in the Isle of Man* than in the whole of Mr. Caine's volume; but for people who like an easy style and not too much accuracy or geographical or historical knowledge Mr. Caine may be recommended. The account of the "Kings in Man" is very deficient.

Marie Louise (Hutchinson & Co.) is translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand. There is much that is interesting in the story of Elba and the "hundred days"; but M. de Saint-Amand's style does not suit its English dress as fitted by Miss Martin, and we are inclined to think most readers will prefer the book in the original French. The absurd bombast near the end about Napoleon and glory and English "torturers" does not look half so silly in its native language.

My First Curacy, by the Rev. Sydney Mostyn (Leadenhall Press), is a book which we may read from cover to cover without discovering why it was written, why it was published, why any one should read more than a page. It is vulgar, cynical, and almost profane, without being witty.

The World Grown Young, by William Herbert (Allen), consists of a kind of Radical day-dream. Everybody is to be drilled, emancipated, cured, and otherwise interfered with until a kind of millennium arrives, with Home Rule and Disestablishment as final blessings. Every nostrum is applied in its crudest form, and the book is, taken altogether, the last thing its author intended, a reduction of doctrinaire theories to their inevitable absurdity. Let us turn to *The Report of the Young Women's Christian Association for the Year 1890* (Bristol: Rose & Harris) to see what good work may be done without ostentation and without dragging in any of the shallow doctrines preached by Mr. Herbert. It may be useful to know that the friends in the country of young women coming to seek employment in London can have them looked after by writing to 17 Old Cavendish Street. The Report is published at a nominal price, and contains an immense amount of valuable information.

Cy Ross (Gay & Bird) is a story, by Mellen Cole, of Californian life and adventure, properly streaked with a thread of love-making. *The Upper Ten* (Sampson Low), as described by Sebastian Evans and Frank Evans, do not stir up our ambition to belong to the number of the visitors favoured with invitations to Langley Court.

Conversational Openings and Endings (Bentley) contains some hints for playing the game of small talk, and is in places really witty, the subject being delicately handled, and not over-done. The arrangement is on the same principle as in a chess-book. This is a "Soup Opening":—

BLACK.

1. Do you drink soup, or eat soup?

WHITE.

1. That is a question I have spent my life in trying to solve.

BLACK.

2. You may not say to "take" it either, I believe?

WHITE.

2. No, certainly not! It is a most difficult problem, &c. &c.

This is a promising beginning, and should within six or seven remarks lead to a discussion on the influence of temporary fashion on the transformation of language. This is a "Temperance Opening":—

BLACK.

1. Might I ask you to pass me the water?

WHITE.

1. Certainly. Are you a teetotaler?

In four moves Black should now be in the middle of a discussion on temperance.

The Eagle (No. XIV. vol. xvi. Cambridge: Johnson) is the magazine supported by members of St. John's College. This number contains a bright little paper, "The Insularity of a Non-conductor," by G. H. R. G., which proves once more what a light hand can do in light literature. The paper is devoted to an exposition of the disadvantages of foreign travel. *Playtime with a Pen* (Macmillan) contains "A Dramatic Idyll," "A Tragic Fragment," and other pieces in prose and verse, some of them reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Cambridge Review*. They are bright on the whole.

Dr. Verrall shows by his manner of editing *The Student's Manual of Greek Tragedy*, translated from Dr. Munk's *Geschichte der griechischen Literatur* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), that he has made a study of the Attic art of irony. His preface on "Euripides and Modern Criticism" explains that Dr. Munk's chapters give a very fair account of the current opinion, but that to Dr. Verrall's mind the current opinion is all wrong. As a specimen of his own view, Dr. Verrall goes on to prove that not one of the modern editors or commentators has understood the plot of the *Andromache* of Euripides, which nevertheless ought to be as plain as a pikestaff to anybody who can read Greek. We can only hope that Dr. Verrall will give the learned world a better opportunity of discussing his theory of the Greek

(2) *Les vices du jour et les vertus d'autrefois*. Par F. Giraudeau. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Lazarette*. Par G. Macé. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Le mariage forcé*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Etudes sur la rage*. Par le Dr. Lutaud. Paris: "Journal de Médecine."

drama as a whole. The one canon we can extract in a condensed form is that every statement made by any Euripidean character about what has happened before the commencement of the action should be presumed to be false. Meanwhile it seems to us that stage plays are not unknown in modern Germany, that even Germans who edit Euripides may have sometimes picked up some notions of living dramatic art, and that Dr. Verrall is perhaps hasty in assuming that an Athenian audience of the Periclean age was exactly like a first-night audience at the Français or the Lyceum in our own day.

Prayers and Promises from Holy Scripture (S.P.C.K.) contains a number of selections, printed both in English and in Arabic, "for daily use throughout the year." The editor is the Rev. Anton Tien, whose work on colloquial Arabic has been widely recognised. The Arabic texts are, with the exception of one at the beginning, printed without vowel points; and, though the book may be of use to Copts and others learning English, it will not teach the English student much. We have also received *Serious Thoughts* (Luzac), translated from the German of Lieut. von Egidy.

A new edition is issued of *Cæsar's Column* (Ward & Lock). We have received the third volume of the *Memoirs of Talleyrand* (Griffith & Farran), and find it no livelier than its predecessors.

We have received a new edition of *Modern Men* (Lendenhall Press) by a Modern Maid. Messrs. Black publish a cheap edition of *Ivanhoe*. Duncan's *Manual of British and Foreign Tramways* (Effingham Wilson) is intended for investors. We have received six numbers of Blackwood's *Arithmetical Exercises* (Blackwood); also the *Early English Musical Magazine*, Handel Festival special number; No. 37 of *Our Celebrities*, with photographs of Mr. Agnew, Lady Goldsmid, and Mr. John Hare (Sampson Low); Part VI. of Cassell's *Storehouse of General Information*; *The Tower of London* (Routledge), a new edition of Harrison Ainsworth's novel; and Dr. Flugel's *English-German and German-English Dictionary* (Asher), fourth edition, Part VII.

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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